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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

HISTORICAL
AND BIOGRAPHICAL
NARRATIVES



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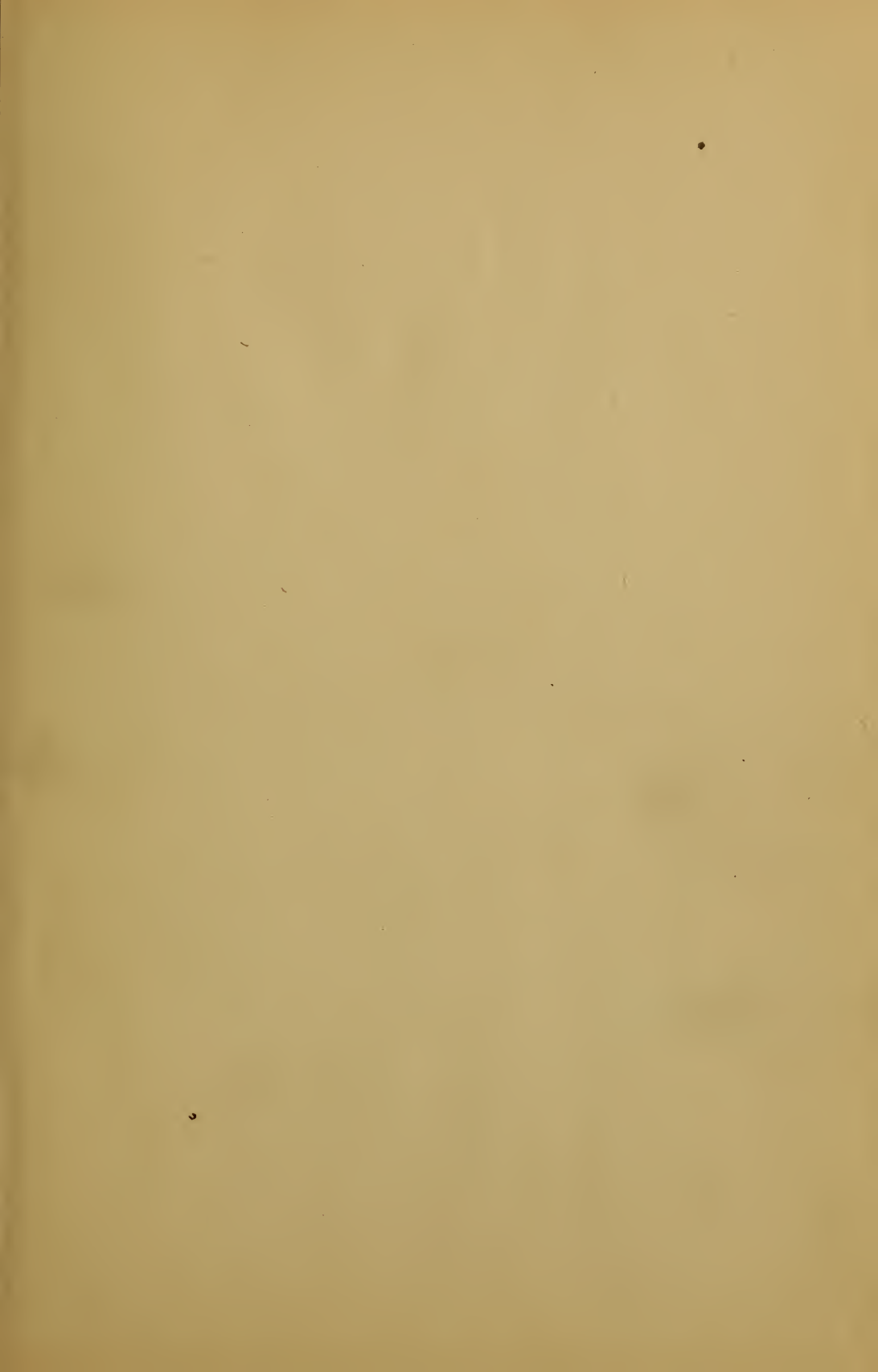


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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NARRATIVES

BY

ISABEL R. WALLACH

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W. P. I

WALLACH

1904

P R E F A C E

THIS volume of historical and biographical stories is offered to young readers as a stepping-stone to history. The subjects treated are those named in the syllabus for the first half of the fifth school year, in the course of study prescribed for the elementary schools of the city of New York. Although the work has been prepared to meet the needs especially of teachers and pupils in the New York schools, yet the author confidently hopes that it will prove to be equally valuable elsewhere, and will serve its purpose well as an easy and helpful introduction to the broad field of general history.

From the twentieth century of the Christian Era back to Cheops is a long vista, and the farthest milestones lie buried in the dust of the dead ages. Yet great actions live forever, and though many of the earlier pictures in Oriental and in European history are veiled in tradition, the high motive, the lofty patriotism, the stirring deed, that wrought their impress upon the world are still discernible.

These simple ethics are readily comprehended by children and cannot be impressed too early. Their young minds absorb the outlines of history with eagerness, but its details prove a burden. Hence each subject has been treated separately and sketched in the briefest manner. Only the salient points have been mentioned, and these will be found focused, as far as possible, upon the ethical lesson introduced between the lines whenever opportunity to do so arose.

ISABEL R. WALLACH.

CONTENTS

ORIENTAL NATIONS

CONFUCIUS	7
GAUTAMA, THE BUDDHA	9
CHEOPS	11
RAMESES II	13
SARDANAPALUS	15
NEBUCHADNEZZAR	17
•MOSES	20
SOLOMON	23
HIRAM	25

GREECE

JASON	28
HERCULES	31
HOMER	33
ACHILLES	36
ULYSSES	38
THESEUS	40
THE ORACLE AT DELPHI	43
THE OLYMPIC GAMES	46
LYCURGUS	48
SOLON	51
CRÆSUS	53
THREE GLORIOUS BATTLES	56
SOCRATES	64
ALCIBIADES	66
DEMOSTHENES	68
ALEXANDER THE GREAT	71

ROME

ÆNEAS	74
ROMULUS	75
CINCINNATUS	77
PYRRHUS	80
HANNIBAL	82
CATO	84

THE GRACCHI	86
JULIUS CÆSAR	88
SPARTACUS	91
CICERO	93
NERO	95
POMPEII	97
CONSTANTINE	100

MEDIÆVAL EUROPE

ATтила THE HUN	103
THE NIBELUNGENLIED	106
CLOVIS	109
AUGUSTINE	111
MOHAMMED	113
CHARLES MARTEL	115
CHARLEMAGNE	117
ROLAND	119
PETER THE HERMIT	122
FREDERICK BARBAROSSA	123
RIENZI	126
EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE	128
JOAN OF ARC	130
MARCO POLO	134
VASCO DA GAMA	135

MODERN EUROPE

GALILEO	137
WILLIAM THE SILENT	140
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS	142
PETER THE GREAT	144
FREDERICK THE GREAT	146
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION	148
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	151
GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI	154
LOUIS KOSSUTH	156
OTTO VON BISMARCK	158

PROPER NAMES

À khil'lēs	Aus'trī à	Crē'cŷ
Æ gē'an	Avignon (ä ven'yōn)	Crēte
Æ nē'as	Băb'ŷ lon	Croesus (krē' sús)
Æ nē' id	Băb'ŷ lō'nī an	Çŷ'rūs
Ăg à mēm'non	Băr bá rōs'sà	Čzăr
Ăix	Băs tīle'	Dă rī'ūs
Ă'jăx	Běl'gī ūm	Dău'phīn
Ăl'à rīc	Bīŷ'mărc	Děl'phī
Ăl'bă Lōn'gă	Bō hē'mī à	Dōm rē mŷ
Ăl cī bī'à dēs	Bōr'nē ō	Dū rēn'dă
Ăl ex ăn'dēr	Brun hīl'dă	Ė pī'rūs
Ăl ex ăn'drī à	Buddha (bōōd'à)	Ėth'ēl bērt
Ăl'lăh	Būr gūn'dī an	Eū phră'tēs
Ăl săce	Būr'gūn dŷ	Eū gē'nīe
Ăn-eh'isēs	Çae'şar	Fō'rum
Ăn dă lū'sī an	Čai'rō	Găl i lē'ō
Ăn'glō-Săx'on	Căi'ūs	Gă rī băl'dī
Ăn'tī ōch	Căl'i cūt	Găul
Ă pōl'lō	Că'naan	Gău'tă mă
Ă ră'bī à	Căr'ō lō Măg'nō	Gēn'ō à
Ăr'ăbŷ	Căr'thage (-thīj)	Gīu sēp'pē
Ăr'is tō tle	Căr thă gīn'ī an	Gūs tă'vus A dōl'phūs
Ăr'gō năuts	Că'tō	Grăc'ehī
Ăr'gōs	Çēŷ lōn'	Grēg'ō rŷ
Ăr'gūs	Çă lōn's'	Hăn'nī bal
Ă rī ăd'nē	Çăhăr'le măgne	Hē'brewŷ
Ă'sī à Mī'nor	Čhē'ōps (kē'ōps)	Hēc'tor
Ăssh'ūr-băn'ī păl	Çīç'ē rō	Hē gī'rá
Ăs sŷr'ī à	Çīn çīn nă'tūs	Hēl'lēs pōnt
Ă thē'nī an	Člē ō'bīs	Hēr'cū lēs
Ăth'enŷ	Clō'vīs	Hēr'mēs
Ăt lăn'tīs	Cōl'ehīs	Hē rōd'ō tūs
Ăt'tī cá	Cōn fū çī ūs	Hēs'pē rūs
Ăt'tī lá	Cōn'stăn tīne	Hīn'dū-Kush
Àu gē'an	Cōr nē'lī à	Hīn dū stăn'
Àu'gūs tīne	Cōr'sī cá	Hī mă'lă yă

Hī'ram
 Hōh en zōl'lērn
 Hūn'ga rỹ
 Hỹ'drá
 Īl ĭ ad
 Īl ĭ ūm
 Ī ō' nĩ à
 Īsh'm̄ ɛl
 Īs'lan.
 Īs rá ěl
 Īth'á cá
 Jē rų'sá lem
 Jō ăn' of Ārc
 Jōr'dan
 Jōsh'ū á
 Jū dē'á
 Jū'pĩ tēr
 Jū'lĩ ūs
 Ká ā'bá
 Khū'fū
 Kō'ran
 Kossuth (kōs sōōth')
 Kỹf' hau sen (-hou-)
 Lăc ẽ dă'mǎn
 Latium (lā'shĩ ūm)
 Lá'tĩ nus
 Lă vĩn'ĩ á
 Lê ǎn'ĩ das
 Lōr rā'ine
 Lỹ cūr'gūs
 Lỹd'ĩ á
 Lỹ'săn dēr
 Măc e dō'nĩ á
 Măr'á thǎn
 Măr tēl'
 Mēc'că
 Mē dē'á
 Mē dĩ'ná
 Mēd ĭ ter rā'nē an
 Mēx'ĩ cō
 Mĩ'ehel ăn'gē lō
 Mĩl tĩ'á dēs

Mĩ nēr'vâ
 Mĩn'ō taur
 Mō hăm'med
 Mōs'cōw
 Mō zăm bĩque'
 Nă pō'lē ǎn
 Nēb ū chăd nēz'zăr
 Nēp'tune
 Nēth'er lands
 Nĩb'ē lũng
 Nĩb'ē lũng en liēd'
 Nĩn'ē vếh
 Nū'bĩ an
 O dỹs'seūs
 Ōd'ỹs seỹ
 O lỹm'pĩ á
 O lỹm'pūs
 Ōr lăn'dō
 Ōr lē ăns
 Ōr'pheūs
 Păl'a tĩne
 Păl'es tĩne
 Păr'thē nǎn
 Pă trō'clūs
 Pēp'ĩn
 Phă'raōh
 Phăr'sa lūs
 Phĩd'ĩ as
 Phĩl ĩp'pĩc
 Phoē nĩc'ĩ á
 Pĩ'sá
 Poitiers (pwátyă')
 Pǎm pē'ĩĩ
 Pǎm'pēỹ
 Pǎr'tū gal
 Prĩ'am
 Pỹ'r'hūs
 Quĩ rĩ'nūs
 Ră mē'sēs
 Rē'mūs
 Rē'ehs'tăg
 Rhēĩmş

Rĩ ěn'zĩ
 Rǎm'ũ lūs
 Rǎn'çes văl lēs
 St. Hē lē'ná
 Săl'á mĩs
 Săr'á çens
 Săr dă nă pă'lūs
 Scĩp'ĩ ō
 Sēn'ē cá
 Sĩc'ĩ lỹ
 Siēg'friēd
 Sǎc'rá tēs
 Sǎl'ō mon
 Sǎl'ǎn
 Spăr'tá
 Spăr'tá cūs
 Stădt'hălt er
 Tăr'tărs
 Tăr'tá rỹ
 Teū tǎn'ic
 Thēr mǎp ỹ lăē
 Thē'seūs
 Thē'tĩs
 Tĩ bē'rĩ ūs
 Tĩtan
 Trǎ'jan
 Tqurs
 Tỹre
 Ū lỹs'sēs
 Vă's'cō dă Gă'má
 Vēn'ĩcē
 Vē'nūs
 Vēr săĩlles
 Vē sū'vĩ ūs
 Vĩ ěn'ná
 Vĩr'gĩl
 Vĩs'ĩ gǎth
 Vũl'can
 Wă'ter lōō
 Wǎ'den
 Xēr'xēs
 Zeūs

ORIENTAL NATIONS

CONFUCIUS

CHINA, 550-478 B. C.

WHEN a Chinese boy goes to school for the first time, he is told to kneel down and burn an incense stick before a tablet fastened to the wall of the classroom. Letters cut deeply into the wood show that the tablet is sacred to the memory of Kung-Fu-tze, (the Great Teacher). The western world speaks of him as Confucius, because this form is easier to pronounce.

There had been many teachers in China before the time of Confucius, but the people had forgotten their wise sayings. Confucius gathered the best of these into book form, so that every one might read and learn them. When he had done this, he traveled through the whole country, teaching the people what was right and showing them how to become good men.

He carefully impressed upon them that a man must always respect his parents ; that it was a crime to disgrace them by evil conduct ; and that there could be no greater reward for being good than the praise one

could thus earn for father and mother. He told them that teachers must be honored next to parents, and that the emperor, who is the Great Father, must be honored most of all.

Confucius taught these lessons with such success that although he died five hundred years before Christ



A TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS IN CHINA.

was born, the Chinese people believe to this day that to do anything in a way different from that in which their parents did it, is an insult to their memory. This explains why China is to-day as far behind the rest of the world as she was ahead of it when Confucius lived.

But the great teacher also taught his people to do nothing to others that they would not have others do to them. Unfortunately they did not learn this lesson quite so well. If you read it carefully, you will see that the lesson they forgot is simply our Golden Rule expressed in an inverted form.

China honored Confucius in his life time, and still deeply venerates his memory. She made nobles of his descendants, and these keep his tomb in good order. In every town a temple has been erected in his honor, and in every schoolroom his words of wisdom are taught to the children.

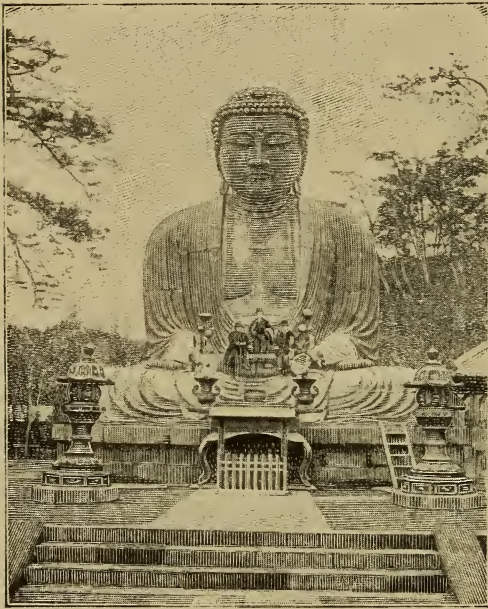
GAUTAMA, THE BUDDHA

HINDUSTAN, 562-482 B. C.

SLOPING downward from the snow-crowned Himalaya mountains in Asia, lies a beautiful country called Hindustan. For long ages its people have been divided into four great classes, called "castes." The higher the caste the better off in every way are those born into it. Those in the lower castes are very poor, and suffer many hardships. They can never hope for anything better, because the people believe that wherever the Lord puts a man at birth, he must be contented to remain. They think that after a man dies, he is born into life again under conditions that depend upon his conduct during his former life. If

he was good, he is born into the highest caste. If he was bad, he is born into the lowest caste. And if he was very wicked, he comes into the world again in the form of a poisonous insect or an unclean animal.

Gautama, the son of the king, was of the highest caste. His own life was very happy, but it troubled



A STATUE OF BUDDHA.

him to see others suffer. The priests taught that if a man would withdraw from the world and starve his body, he could become as powerful as a god.

Gautama longed to help the suffering people, and, believing the priests, determined to gain this god-like power. So he left his home, his young wife and beautiful boy, and

lived for six years in the wilderness, afflicting his body until he was almost dead. But he was no nearer being a god than before, and, giving up the fasting that had been so useless, he spent the next year in deep thought.

Living thus, he learned that any man, whatever his caste, could be happy if he would lead a sinless life. To do this he must perform the lesser duties of

life as well as the greater ones. He must speak the truth and treat others justly. He must be kind in word as well as in act, and above all must restrain his desire for pleasure, wealth, or revenge.

Preaching this religion, Gautama gained many followers. These established hospitals for the sick poor, and built schools in which to teach the new belief.

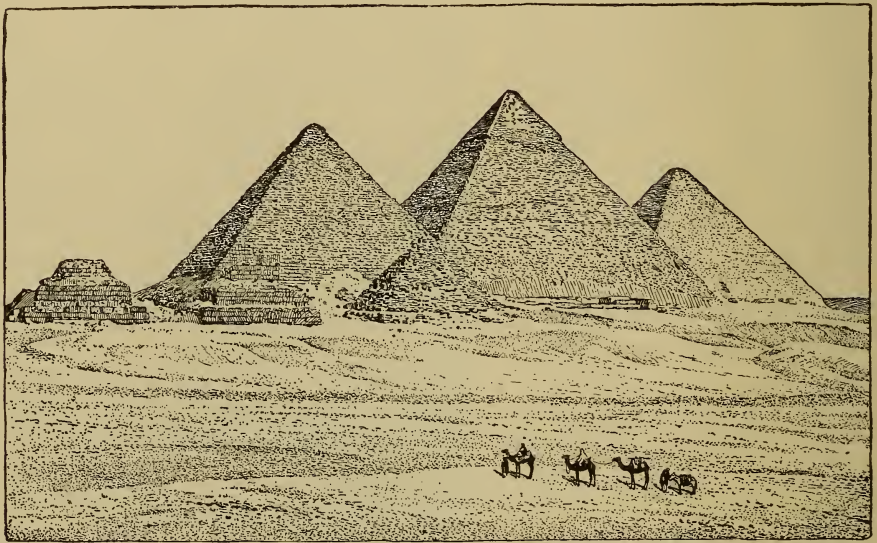
Many centuries have gone by since then and evil growths have fastened themselves upon Gautama's simple laws. We hope these will vanish soon and that the people will once more return to the pure faith of the Buddha (the enlightened one), who gave up wife and child, his home and a kingdom, in order to save his fellowmen from sorrow and suffering.

CHEOPS

EGYPT, NOT LATER THAN 2100 B. C.

HISTORY tells us nothing of Cheops, once king over ancient Egypt. Since we cannot speak positively about this ruler, nor of his deeds, we shall take a look, instead, at the traces still left in Egypt of the age in which he lived. The earliest records of Egyptian history are found carved in the stone walls of the temples. The kings erected these to glorify the gods, and also to tell future generations of their own greatness.

Sometimes these records were cut upon tall shafts of stone called obelisks. One of these obelisks was brought to this country not long ago, and it now stands in Central Park in New York City. If you ever go to see it, you will find that its four sides are closely covered with the curious sort of picture-writing used by the ancient Egyptians.



THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

Most of these temples and obelisks were placed near the Nile River, because this stream was considered sacred. On its banks, just beyond the more modern city of Cairo, rise a number of buildings which, from a distance, look like great triangles piercing the sky. Coming closer we find them to be of pyramid shape, and built up of thousands of carefully fitted stones.

Some of these pyramids have been entered, and

great stone coffins have been found inside of them. Within these were others of wood, in which lay the bodies of kings and queens, placed there thousands of years ago. Some of these coffins and also the mummies, as the dried up dead bodies are called, have been sent to different parts of the world and placed on exhibition in the great museums. They are well worth going to see.

The largest of these pyramids is called Cheops, because that king's Egyptian name, Khufu, is carved many times upon its inner walls. History is silent about Cheops. But when we look at this magnificent tomb which he erected for himself, and think of the vast multitude of men who toiled so painfully to build it, we know that he must have been rich and powerful.

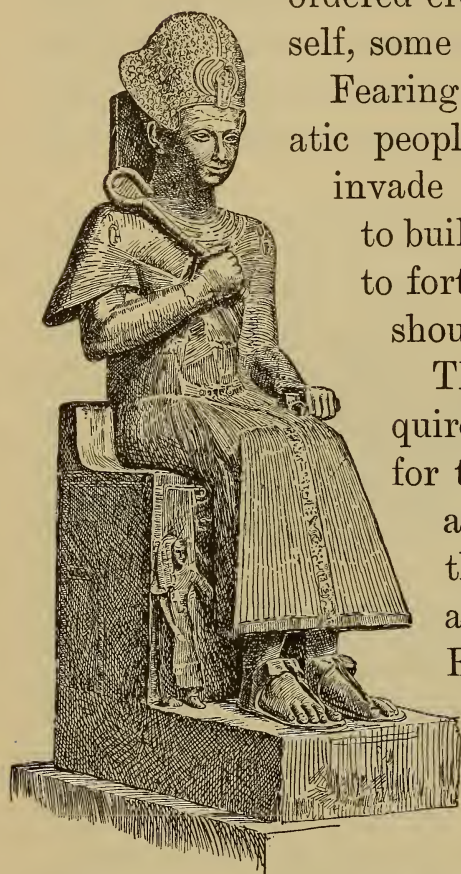
No doubt he was harsh and cruel to his common people. But so were all other kings of his day. We shall see, as we study these stories, that it took many hundreds of years for monarchs to learn that the people they ruled had rights which even kings must respect.

RAMESES II

EGYPT, FIFTEENTH CENTURY B. C.

THE Egyptians of old were great builders. When Rameses II came to rule over them, his father had just completed the most wonderful structures the

world has ever seen. At first, Rameses II was busy in the East, restoring order amongst his Asiatic subjects. When he returned, proud of his victories, he ordered erected colossal images of himself, some of which are still standing.



STATUE OF RAMESES II.

Fearing that after his death the Asiatic people might seek revenge and invade Egypt, Rameses determined to build a great wall around it and to fortify it with many cities that should bear his own name.

This tremendous scheme required many millions of bricks, for the wall was to be as wide across as a road, and higher than the houses. There were already multitudes of slaves in Egypt, but these could not supply the bricks fast enough. So Rameses II commanded that the Israelites, or Hebrews, who were then in Egypt, should be compelled

to aid in the work. This was unjust, for the Israelites were not a race of slaves. Many years before, their ancestors had been invited by an earlier king to make their home in Egypt. They had dwelt there happily ever since, and had been at peace with their neighbors. But they had grown to be very numerous, and Rameses II hoped that, by reducing them to slavery,

he had found an admirable method of thinning their numbers.

When the Israelites protested against his injustice, he grew harsher and more cruel and, finally, he angrily ordered that all their boy babies should be put to death.

The Bible speaks of this wicked king and calls him Pharaoh. But the word Pharaoh is not a name ; it merely means a ruler of Egypt.

The wall that Rameses II built to protect his country from invasion fell in ruins, and the proud cities that were to make his name immortal disappeared. Three of his gigantic statues, however, still sit gazing silently out across the Nubian sands, revealing to modern eyes the features of this great monarch of the ancient world, whose power extended over the known parts of both Africa and Asia.

SARDANAPALUS

ASSYRIA, ABOUT 687-626 B. C.

THE great wall of Rameses II failed to protect Egypt for all time from her Asiatic foes. These grew stronger as the centuries passed, and by the time Sardanapalus became king over Assyria, the Egyptian nation had been badly defeated by them. Assyria was at this period the most powerful empire in the world. She had conquered all the surrounding

kingdoms, and had forced them to pay her an annual tribute of gold and of young men.

With treasures and with slaves so plentiful, Sardanapalus was free to indulge every wish. He had a natural taste for art and literature, and found delight in erecting fine buildings and in ornamenting his capital city of Nineveh with beautiful palaces.

He built a great library and stored it with a vast number of books. These were not at all like the

books which we use, but they served the same purpose. They were merely pieces of clay, some in tablet form, others like cylinders, and the words were either pressed into them with a seal, or cut in with a small instrument, while the clay was still moist. Then they were baked in ovens so that they became proof against both fire and water.



A CLAY TABLET.

The library building was destroyed ages ago, but thousands of its books have been discovered, many of them as good as new. There are schoolbooks among them, and grammars and dictionaries. There are books with the records of mercantile transactions, and others with hymns that bear a striking resemblance to those of David.

People who know how to read the strange writing

have gathered from the cylinders and tablets the complete history of the wars of Sardanapalus, and of those waged by his ancestors.

From these records we learn that the real name of this splendid Assyrian king was Asshur-bani-pal. The Greek writers called him Sardanapalus, and they tell us that he cared only to pursue pleasure. It may have seemed so to them. But while it is true that his ancestors conquered all the enemies of Assyria, these would very quickly have regained their independence had not Sardanapalus been strong enough to keep them in subjection.

It is true that splendor, such as we read of in the Arabian Nights, ruled in the court of this dazzling monarch. But he was powerful enough to force kings to do his bidding, and if his successors had possessed only a shadow of his ability, mighty Assyria would not have been destroyed almost immediately after his death.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

BABYLON, 625-561 B. C.

WHEN Sardanapalus died, the nations that had been paying him tribute revolted, one after the other. Finally, uniting their armies, they overthrew the Assyrian empire and divided its territory among themselves. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, thus became master of all the country that lay west of the

Euphrates River. Egypt tried to set herself free, but failed, and was cruelly punished. Phœnicia and Judea, small states that bordered on the Mediterranean Sea, also sought to regain their independence, but they were quickly subdued.

Nebuchadnezzar exacted the customary heavy tribute from Phœnicia and also a safe passage to the sea for the Babylonian caravans. He punished Judea, the country of the Jews, or Israelites, in a different manner, and the method he chose proved him a shrewd statesman as well as a great king.



THE KING'S PALACE AT BABYLON.

Babylon, the capital of his empire, was a city of traders. The Jews were good farmers, and many skillful workmen dwelt in their cities. Nebuchadnezzar saw that men like these could teach his nation some valuable lessons. So when he returned to Babylon he carried back with him not only the king of the Jews and their treasure, according to custom, but also the priests, the best workmen, and

the most successful farmers, together with their wives and little ones. This forcible removal of the flower of the Jewish nation is spoken of in the Bible as the "Captivity."

The city of Babylon was even more magnificent than that of Nineveh, the Assyrian capital. It was large enough to hold fifty of our largest cities. The royal palace was seven miles around, and its temple to the god Bel was the highest building in the world. All the dwelling-houses were built of brick, four stories in height. Walls three hundred feet high and eighty feet thick protected the city from attack. Wonderful water-works supplied the inhabitants with pure drinking water that no beleaguering enemy could cut off. Within the walls were farms extensive enough to supply grain for the enormous population in case of siege.

But the king was equally careful of the people who lived in the country. He built great reservoirs to hold the spring flood water in check, and to save it until needed in time of drought. This water could also be used, if danger threatened, to drown out hostile invaders.

Like all the Eastern monarchs, Nebuchadnezzar carefully stamped his own praises upon every brick his builders used. But though we smile at his vanity, we must honor his memory, because he was the first king to consider the welfare of the common people.

MOSES

THE HEBREWS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY B. C.

IN the dark days when Rameses of Egypt commanded that the boy babies of the Hebrews, or Israelites, should be put to death, one unhappy mother hid her child in a basket and set it afloat upon the Nile River. You know the Bible story: how Pharaoh's daughter saved him, and how his sister, being sent to get a nurse, brought her mother; how the princess took him to live at court, where he was treated like a prince; how the mother managed to tell him the secret of his birth, and taught him to pray to the true God.

Later, when he was grown, he killed an Egyptian whom he saw cruelly beating a Hebrew. This was a crime, even for a prince, and Moses fled into the desert.

When Rameses died, Moses returned to Egypt, and, obeying God's command, boldly asked the new Pharaoh to let the Hebrews depart from Egypt, free as they had entered it. The Pharaoh haughtily refused and laughed, when Moses warned him to beware the anger of the God of the Israelites.

Presently one plague after another fell upon the land; and there came a night when every first born son lay dead in every Egyptian home, even within the royal palace. And then the terrified king sent



STATUE OF MOSES, BY MICHELANGELO.

hurriedly to Moses and ordered the Hebrews to depart on the instant.

Six hundred thousand people, men, women, and children, set forth at midnight upon that memorable exodus, not one knowing whither they were going.

Hardly were they gone when the Pharaoh, changing his mind, sent an army to bring them back. But the Hebrews, escaping from the soldiers, crossed the Red Sea at a spot made shallow by a strong wind. Under the guidance of Moses they then marched through a desert country, in order to avoid attack, on their way back to the land which the Lord had promised to their ancestor Abraham, many years before.

Moses gave them Ten Commandments to guide their conduct, and for years he vainly sought to make them live according to these laws. At last he saw that slavery had unfitted his people for self-government, and that the founders of a nation must needs be free-born men. It was a sad discovery. He had hoped to guide the Israelites into the Promised Land. But he was already old, and to await the growth of a new generation meant that another than he would be their leader.

At last he beheld from afar the green fields of Canaan, and the blue waters of the Jordan River. Spread out before him was the Promised Land! All around him, straight and strong, stood free-born men of his race, with the young Joshua towering in their midst. Surely this man was the new leader appointed of the Lord.

Gently now he urged upon the Hebrews to serve only the Lord and to keep the Ten Commandments. Then he turned away and passed forever from the eyes of those whom he had led into freedom, and to the threshold of their inheritance.

SOLOMON

THE HEBREWS, 1033-975 B. C.

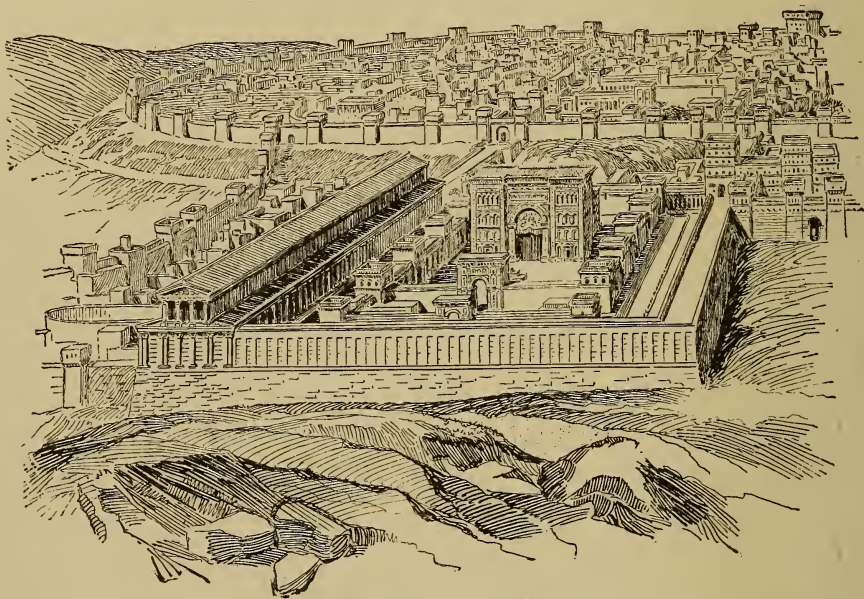
MOSES had divided the Hebrews into tribes whilst they were on the march to the Promised Land, or Palestine, as it is called in your geography. Their ancestor Jacob had been the father of twelve sons, and each tribe included all the families descended from the same son. When the Hebrews invaded Palestine they drove out its inhabitants. Each tribe chose a tract of land for its own and dwelt upon it. Gradually each formed a separate state, governing itself, but uniting with the others for common defense. After a while these states became a kingdom, firmly established and prosperous.

When Solomon became king, he reigned wisely and well. He became friendly with the surrounding nations and sought to strengthen his kingdom in every way.

He built a great fortress to protect Jerusalem, his capital city, and in the center of the fortifications he erected a temple to God. Since the Hebrews under-

stood very little of architecture, Solomon borrowed workmen of Hiram, a king of Phœnicia, whose country was famous for its skillful artisans.

For seven years the Phœnicians and the Hebrews worked side by side constructing the great temple. The people gave gladly of their wealth to ornament it, and its walls were overlaid with gold. The interior was hung with fine draperies and the altar



THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

was furnished with magnificent vessels and candlesticks of gold and of silver.

Solomon dedicated the great temple to the Lord with much pomp, and all the nation rejoiced. It was a proud moment for the king and for his people, but unfortunately it marked the height of their power.

Presently the wise king began to act foolishly. He made a great display of his wealth, and gave

himself up to the pleasures of an Eastern monarch, forgetful that a king has duties which he dares not neglect. The people at his court followed his extravagant example, and even oppressed the poor in order to gain more wealth and purchase greater pleasures. The tribes then began to quarrel with one another, and drew farther and farther apart.

The closing years of Solomon's brilliant reign were dark and troubled. His own sons rebelled against his government, and civil war burst forth within his kingdom. Unhappy, overwhelmed with grief, and a marked contrast to the splendid king who in the beginning had ruled so wisely, Solomon passed away, and at his death the Hebrew kingdom fell apart.

HIRAM

PHENICIA, ELEVENTH CENTURY B. C.

HIRAM was king of Tyre, a powerful and wealthy city of Phoenicia. Phoenicia consisted merely of a narrow strip of sea-coast. From the earliest times her people had been successful boat-builders and mariners. They had no compass, yet they sailed out through the Mediterranean Sea into the stormy Atlantic. They sailed past Spain, past England, and northward into the Baltic, trading with the savages, and bartering their brilliantly dyed cloth for tin and amber and gold.

Caravans from India brought to their doors goods which Egypt and Greece were glad to buy. What they did not export, their skillful workmen converted into goods that brought a far higher price.

Now, where commerce and manufacture are carried on, accounts must be kept and records made in some shorter and more accurate form than picture-writing. So these clever people made use of alphabetic writing, and taught the art to the Greeks with whom they traded.

When Hiram ascended the throne, his little country was already famous throughout the nations, near and far, for its wonderful metal work, its beautiful jewelry, its vessels of glass, its fine textiles and gorgeous dyes. The new king was not ambitious to conquer territory or to glorify his own name. He was very proud of his workmen, and for their sake strove to live at peace with his neighbors. So when Solomon, king of the Hebrews, asked him to help build the great temple at Jerusalem, offering oil and grain in exchange, Hiram willingly agreed to send him competent workers in wood and stone, in metal and in cloth.

Without confusion the great structure rose upon the summit of its hill foundation. Its stones were laid without cement and squared perfectly. The immense brass basin that held 17,000 gallons was cast in one piece, a feat few of our modern metalworkers would care to undertake. The vessels of gold and the great candlesticks were so wonderfully

wrought that they were the admiration of Rome when, many centuries later, they were carried thither in triumph.

With workmen like these at his command, Hiram beautified his own cities, deepened their harbors, and



THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS, FROM THE
TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM.

fortified them from attack by land and sea. He was careful of his kingdom's interests in every direction. He policed the highways so well that no robber dared waylay a caravan, coming or going, with its rich burdens. He forbade human sacrifices to the god Baal, and compelled the people to offer up sheep and kids instead, after the custom of their neighbors, the Hebrews. There was little of the indolence of an Eastern ruler in busy Hiram, and though he lived so long ago, he showed qualities which modern kings would do well to imitate.

GREECE

JASON

PREHISTORIC TIMES

ONCE upon a time, a certain king in Greece grew tired of ruling his people. So he asked his brother to take the throne and keep it until the little prince Jason should be old enough to wear a crown. The brother was quite willing, but when Jason grew up and laid claim to the kingdom, his uncle persuaded him to go first in quest of the Golden Fleece which the gods had given to his people, but which was now in a distant place called Colchis, guarded by a dragon that never slept.

Jason was delighted with the idea, and he invited Hercules, and Orpheus, and Theseus, and many other young men to go with him.

Great stir and excitement attended the preparations made for the great adventure. The boats that the people used at that time were simply tree-trunks hollowed out and shaped to cut the water. But for a voyage like this, these would not do. So a genius named Argus set to work and built a ship big enough to carry fifty men. This was considered perfectly



JASON AND THE DRAGON.

wonderful, and Jason was so delighted with it that he named it the *Argo*, after its builder. The young men called themselves "Argonauts."

And what a time there was when the young heroes set forth! The people gathered on the shore, and there were wild cheers, and hand-shakings, and prayers, and good wishes, and women's tears, of course. All eyes watched the *Argo* as she sailed away, growing smaller and smaller, and vanishing at last over the edge of the wide, blue sea. Would they ever come back?

The Argonauts had many adventures, but finally reached Colchis in safety. Its king promised to give Jason the Fleece if, in return, he would tame some fiery bulls for him and sow some dragon's teeth in a field. These tasks were harder than you think, and Jason went to Medea, the king's daughter, and promised to marry her if she would help him. She agreed, and being very clever, gave him a charm that would subdue the fire-breathing bulls; another to get rid of the frightful harvest that would grow up when he planted the dragon's teeth; and a third to put the old dragon to sleep that guarded the Golden Fleece.

Using all these, Jason completed the tasks, and seizing the Golden Fleece, hastily boarded the *Argo*, and with Medea and his heroes sailed away before the king could stop him.

There was great rejoicing when Jason's people beheld the returning *Argo*. Every one was glad

except, perhaps, the uncle who now had to give up the crown. But perhaps he, too, was glad. Who knows but that in sending Jason away on that great adventure he had meant only to test the young man's courage, and to show the people that he was really fit to rule them?

HERCULES

ACCORDING to the legends of old, Hercules was a son of Jupiter, the most powerful of all the gods. Juno, the queen of heaven, hated him and placed him in the power of a man who commanded him to perform twelve gigantic tasks. In the first, he slew a terrible lion, strangling it with his bare hands. You can see its skin hung over his shoulders in all his pictures.

A harder task was his victory over the Hydra which used to devour the loveliest maidens in

Argos. This dreadful monster had nine heads. One of these could not be killed at all; and whenever one of the others was cut off, two new ones immediately grew in its place.

Seeing that his great strength could not help him



HERCULES AND THE LION.

here, Hercules set his wits to work. He burned off the eight heads with fire, and then, while the awful creature was doing its best to put out the flames, he buried the ninth one under a rock so enormous that the Hydra was unable to move it.

Another task was to steal three golden apples which belonged to Juno, and were guarded by the daughters of Hesperus. Hesperus was the Evening Star, who dwelt in the crimson west where the sun goes down. Hercules knew very well that no mortal might hope to reach a spot which seemed to go ever farther away as one approached it. Only a Titan whose single stride covered the whole earth could do that sort of thing. So he went to Atlas, who bore the earth on his shoulders, and offered to hold it for him while the mighty fellow went after the apples.

Now Atlas had grown pretty tired of his burden and, in his stupid way, thought he saw a chance to get rid of it forever. Here was some one strong enough to hold up the earth, why not let him keep it always?

So the Titan strode off, and came back in no time with the apples in his hand, so eager was he to show Hercules how cleverly he had tricked him. Now Hercules saw very clearly what the giant meant to do, and when Atlas flatly refused to take the earth back, he pretended to feel very badly. Then he begged the big Titan to hold it just a moment, while he went to get a cushion for his shoulders.

Atlas consented good-naturedly, but Hercules,

snatching the apples, sped away and out of sight, almost before the other knew what had happened.

When Hercules was sent to clean out the Augean stable, instead of doing the unpleasant work himself, he turned two big rivers through it, whose waters, rushing in, washed it clean in a single night.

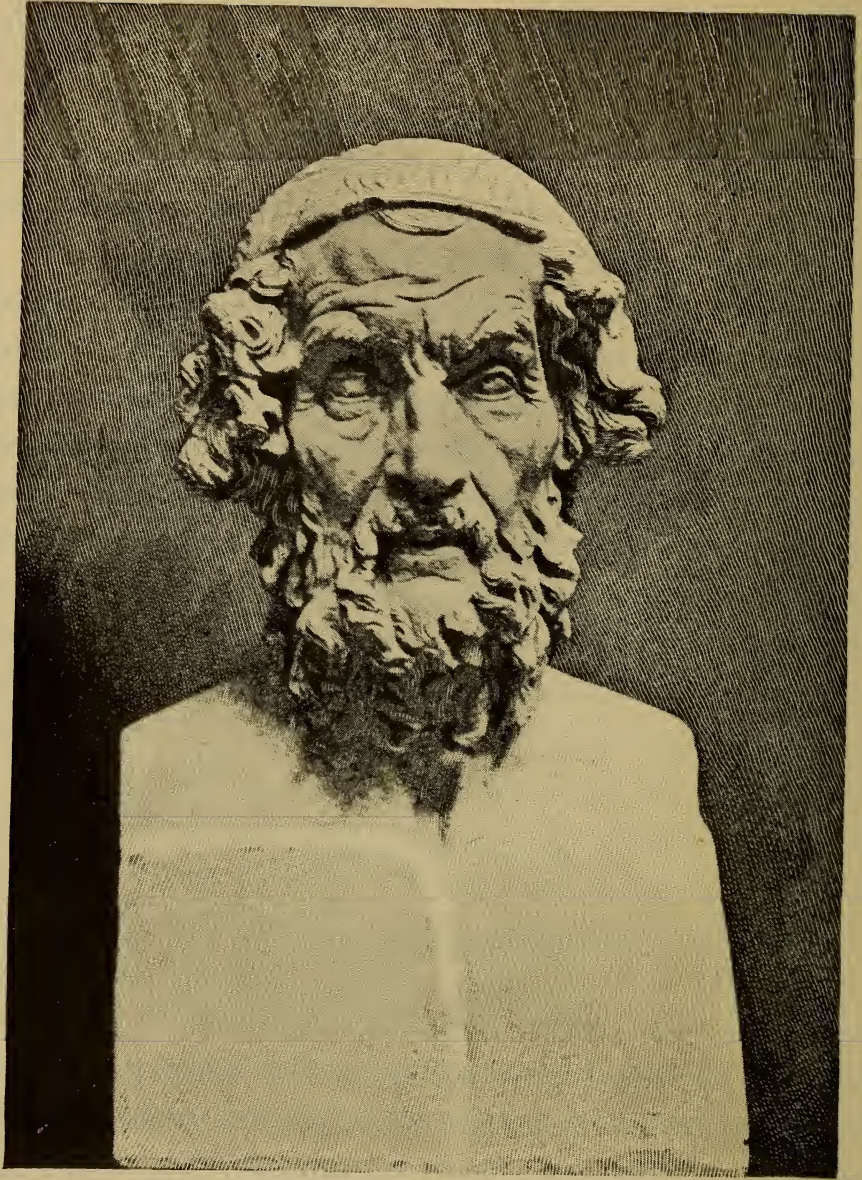
People nowadays call the story of the twelve labors of Hercules a pretty fable. It may be so. But behind it, shining out through the mist of ages, you and I can see a noble hero freeing his people of their burdens, using his great strength for them, and when this was not enough, calling native wit and inventive genius to help him achieve success.

HOMER

NINTH CENTURY B. C.

LONG ago under the sunny skies of Greece, an old man wandered from town to town, bearing a staff in his hand and a harp across his shoulders. His hair and flowing beard were white as the snow upon the mountain tops. A gentle smile played about his sad mouth, and his vacant eyes roamed idly over the beautiful earth he could nevermore behold.

This man was Homer, and wherever he went a warm welcome awaited him. The people gathered joyfully around him, for he sang to them of the stirring deeds of the old Greek heroes. Other musicians less gifted



HOMER.

than Homer learned by heart the words that fell from his inspired lips. After Homer died, they repeated them to the people and taught them to their sons. These, in turn, recited them in the market places and

taught them to others. Later when the Greeks learned the alphabet from the Phœnician traders, they put Homer's songs in writing, and in this way preserved them for all the world.

The beauty of Homer's word pictures, the charm of his simple language, have never been surpassed. They have made his name as immortal as he made the brave heroes and beautiful women of whom he sang.

Homer's work that has come down to us comprises two great poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The *Iliad*, (so called from Ilium, the Greek name for Troy), tells the story of the Trojan War and its many deeds of bravery. The *Odyssey* is an account of the wanderings of Ulysses (or Odysseus, as he was called by the Greeks), of the wonderful adventures that befell him, and of the strange manner of his homecoming.

Both poems are full of vivid scenes of life among the ancient Greeks. We read of thrilling single combats and of brilliant battles, of noble sacrifices and of dark deeds of treachery. And ever, amid the clash of arms and the wild rush of chariots, there runs the golden thread of manly friendship and woman's love.

Homer's work is a masterpiece of literature. For long centuries it bound all Greece in one great brotherhood, and spurred her sons onward to emulate the lofty courage of their national heroes.

ACHILLES

PREHISTORIC TIMES

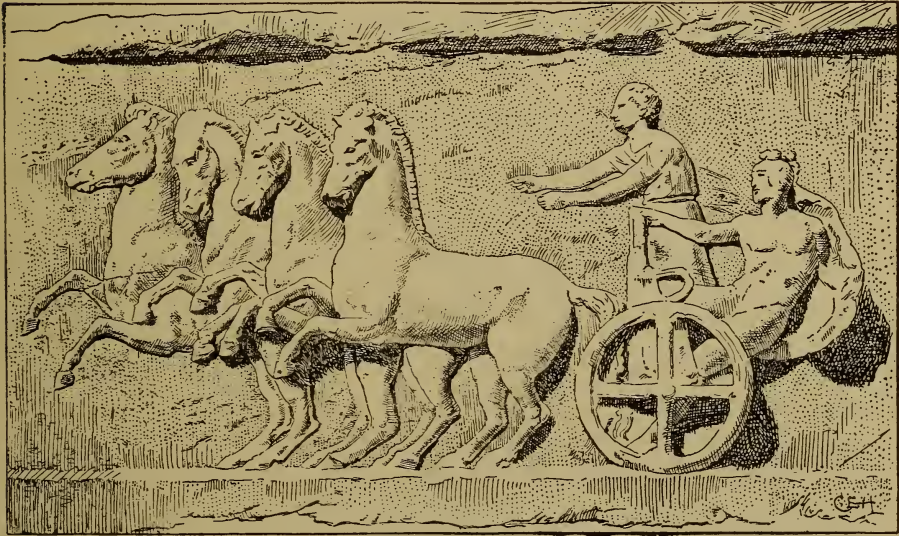
ACHILLES is the chief hero of the Iliad. He was the son of Thetis, a sea-goddess, who, knowing that he would be slain in the Trojan War, did her best to prevent him from taking part in it.

When Agamemnon, the over-lord of Greece, prepared to besiege Troy, he sent a call for help to all the heroes of Greece. Thetis disguised Achilles as a maiden and carried him to an island in the Ægean Sea, to live there with the king's daughters. But the wise Ulysses recognized him and soon induced him to join the expedition. Accompanied by his friend Patroclus, Achilles sailed for Troy with a fleet of fifty ships, each manned with fifty warriors.

After fighting valiantly before Troy for nine years, Achilles and Agamemnon had a bitter quarrel. Achilles, feeling himself ill-treated in return for the glorious service he had rendered, determined to depart for home, together with all his men and ships. But the other heroes urged him to do nothing hastily, and to accept the reparation Agamemnon agreed to offer. Achilles, however, refused to be reconciled. He remained within his tent, and declared he would neither draw a sword nor cast a spear for the ungrateful Agamemnon, unless the Trojans should drive the Greeks to their ships and attempt to fire them.

Deprived of the strong arm of Achilles and of his skillful leadership, the Greeks suffered heavy loss. In vain they implored Achilles to come forth and stay the Trojan advance. Not until his beloved Patroclus had been slain by Hector, the son of Priam king of Troy, did the angry hero yield.

Clad in shining armor, newly wrought for him by Vulcan, the armorer of the gods, and driving his splen-



A GREEK WAR CHARIOT.

did two-horsed chariot, Achilles spread terror among the victorious Trojans and quickly drove them back. He sought out Hector and slew him with a mighty blow. Then, to avenge Patroclus, he dragged brave Hector's body, stripped of its arms, back and forth before the Trojan wall, and twice around the funeral pile where lay the body of his friend.

Great was the grief in Troy when Hector fell. His

aged father, Priam the king, came forth and weeping made his way to the tent of Achilles. Bearing rich gifts to the victor, he pleaded for the body of his dead son and for a truce of twelve days, that he might give him fitting burial. Full of pity for the old man whose son he had slain, Achilles granted his request.

Here ends the story of the Iliad. In the Odyssey we read of the death of Achilles, treacherously slain with a poisoned arrow, not long after the truce had expired.

Achilles was a great warrior, brave and noble, generous to those he loved, and quick to avenge a wrong. It is said that Homer sought to personify in the character of Achilles the highest traits of the ancient Greeks. However this may be, it is certain that for many centuries, his great hero was upheld as a model to the youth of all Greece.

ULYSSES

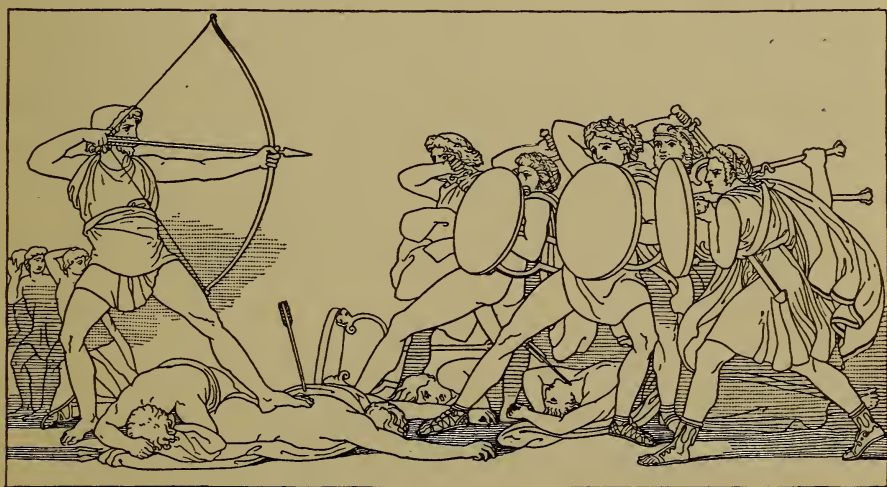
PREHISTORIC TIMES

AFTER the death of the great Achilles his sorrowing mother offered his armor as a prize to the most deserving among the Greeks. Ajax, second only to Achilles himself in warlike skill, and Ulysses contended for it. Ajax was renowned for his valor; Ulysses was noted for his wisdom and sagacity. The

Greeks decided in favor of Ulysses, thus showing the value they placed upon wisdom.

Ulysses was clever of speech and quick with stratagem, but he was brave also. Once, surrounded by many Trojans, his wisdom counseled him to flee; but he remained and fought with great courage, saying: "'Tis only the coward who draweth back from war; the brave man standeth, whether he smite or be smitten."

After the fall of Troy the Greek heroes departed for home. We read of their wanderings in the



ULYSSES.

Odyssey, the poem in which Homer narrates the romantic exploits of Ulysses.

The poem relates that Ulysses, having sailed for his home in Ithaca, was driven by unfavorable winds far out of his course. Meeting shipwreck, he was separated from his companions, and wandered far, lost along strange coasts. He saw many wonderful things,

and encountered marvelous adventures. But at last, with the help of Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, he reached his home. The story of how he revealed himself to his wife is very interesting, but too long to tell you here.

The Odyssey is full of what you might call fairy tales. They have been translated from the Greek into English, and it would be well for you to read them.

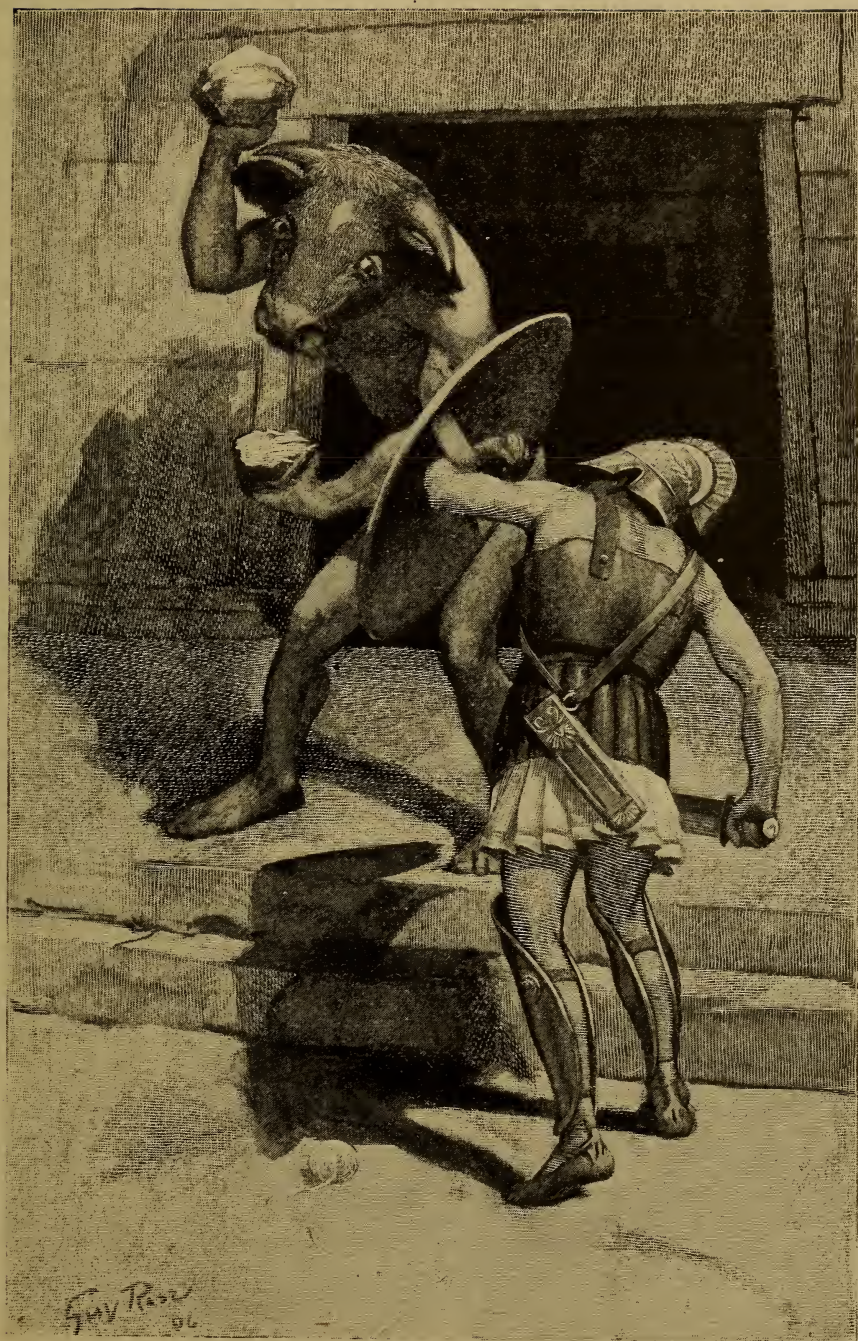
The wonderful adventures of Ulysses are fabulous, of course. Very probably they were based upon the strange tales the earliest Greek sailors told, of the perils that had threatened them, and the marvels they had beheld in foreign lands.

If, as many claim, Achilles stands for the highest type of the ancient Greeks, then Ulysses, brave but cautious, fond of adventure but prudent, may be said to represent the character of the race itself.

THESEUS

PREHISTORIC TIMES

THE story of Theseus is a curious mixture of legend and of history. He was the son of a king of Athens, but he grew to manhood in his mother's country. When he was at last old enough to join his father, he journeyed to Athens. His mother urged him to go by sea, because it was safer, but the young Theseus determined to go by land, in order to



THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR.

meet and punish some wicked men who robbed and ill-treated travelers.

He met with success, because he was brave and daring, but when he reached Athens he saw only sorrow and weeping instead of the gay welcome he had expected.

He soon discovered the reason. - He had come in that sad season when Athens was sending its annual tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to the king of Crete, who fed them to his Minotaur, a terrible monster, half bull and half man.

Theseus made up his mind to deliver his country from so distressing a burden. He volunteered to go to Crete as a victim, and willingly embarked upon the black-sailed vessel that bore away the human tribute.

When he arrived in Crete, Theseus induced Ariadne, the king's beautiful daughter, to help him. She gave him a magic sword that would kill the Minotaur, and also a ball of twine. This second gift showed her cleverness. The monster was kept in a labyrinth, where the paths were so twisted and the shrubbery so thick, that no one who entered it ever found his way out. But Ariadne told Theseus to tie one end of the string to a tree as he entered the labyrinth, and then to put the ball in his pocket. When he wanted to return, all he had to do was to take the ball out of his pocket and wind it up again, following every turn into which the string led him.

After slaying the Minotaur, Theseus returned to

Athens. He had promised his father that he would change the black sails on the ship to white ones, if he should be successful. But he forgot about this arrangement, and when the aged king saw the ship returning with its black sails, he believed his son dead and put an end to his own life.

Theseus was now king, and many are the bold deeds he undertook and the victories he won for Athens.

History tells us he united the tribes of Attica into one nation, with Athens as its capital. This added greatly to the strength of his kingdom; and to commemorate the union he established a great annual festival in honor of Minerva, the special goddess of Athens. This consisted of games and a procession in which all joined, men and women, old and young, rich and poor, and it continued to be celebrated throughout the centuries, until Athens itself was overthrown.

THE ORACLE AT DELPHI

THE Oracle at Delphi had its beginning too far back in history to assign the date with exactness. In that early age the Greeks believed that a great family of gods and goddesses, who dwelt on the summit of Mount Olympus, controlled all things on earth and in heaven. Not knowing God as we do, they imagined that visible forces like the sea and the fruit-

ful earth, fire, the wind, and the sun were gods. When they needed help, or sought to avert troubles, they prayed to these gods under different names, and offered them sacrifices.

There were a number of separate states in Greece and these had special gods. Those who worshiped the same gods used to meet in some particular place,



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF DELPHI.

year after year, and sacrifice together at the temple they had built there. Twelve of these states worshiped Apollo, the sun-god. These met at a place called Delphi, and sacrificed at an altar whose perpetual flame, it was said, had been kindled by the great god himself.

From a deep cleft in the mountain side there issued

now and then mysterious whispers. These were messages, the high priestess said, sent by Apollo to guide his people and to answer their prayers. Many men and women served in the temple and guarded its sacred fire. They came from the noblest families and were held in high honor.

The unceasing stream of pilgrims that visited the holy temple kept them in touch with the world outside, and being wise and well educated, they were usually able to answer the people's questions with accuracy. When in doubt their reply was worded so cleverly that the questioner could read it in quite opposite ways.

The answer of the Oracle, as it was called, was always given in verse, and it exerted a powerful influence upon the people. The Oracle decided disputes, public or private; it directed matters of state; and it declared for peace or war.

As the centuries went by, the temptation to accept the bribes of the wealthy grew very strong. Often the priestess yielded and uttered oracles meant to please the questioner, instead of those that wisdom and justice dictated, as of old. Gradually the great Oracle lost the people's confidence, and finally it disgraced itself forever by predicting victory for the Persians during their last war with Greece.

But sooner or later its end must have come, for the people, at that time the most highly cultured in all the world, had wholly outgrown their childish religion.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

776 B. C.—394 A. D.

THERE was another center in Greece, besides Delphi, where the people gathered at stated periods. This was Olympia, an ideally beautiful valley in the western part of the country. At first it was a religious meeting place like Delphi ; but its fame and popularity arose from the great festivals or celebrations that were afterwards established there. These took place in midsummer, every fourth year, and attracted throngs of people from every part of Greece.

The Olympic games as these celebrations are called, lasted five days. They consisted of religious exercises and contests in mental as well as in physical superiority. The prize that was awarded was simply a crown of wild olive ; but the highest honors were showered upon the victor, and he was renowned above all other men. The entire nation applauded him, and his statue was erected in the sacred grove by the side of those of gods and heroes.

For ten long centuries the Olympic Games served to link all Greeks in a common brotherhood. In the lovely Olympian valley, foes forgot their anger and met as friends. Quarrels were not permitted, for the Spartans, who had charge of the celebrations, guarded most jealously the sacred truce of a month that enabled the people to go back and forth in safety.

In the beginning the games were intended merely as a test of physical endurance. Gradually they came to embrace a long and varied programme. Poems were recited and histories declaimed. There were contests in quoit-throwing and in the use of weapons. There were foot races and wrestling matches. And



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT OLYMPIA.

in the hippodrome there were horse races, and also chariot races.

The rules that governed the celebrations were strictly enforced and fairness prevailed in the judgments rendered.

The widespread interest in the games and the glory that awaited the victor, show us how deep was

the national wish to develop both the body and the mind to the utmost.

The finest temple of the ancient world stood in Olympus. It was splendidly ornamented, and adorned with statues more beautiful than any that our modern sculptors have produced. Within the temple itself was that Wonder of the World, the colossal statue of Zeus (Jupiter). Carved of tinted ivory and gold, and heavily incrustcd with precious stones, it towered sixty feet in air. It was the work of Phidias, the greatest sculptor that ever lived, and the majesty and power the artist gave to the lordly figure were inspired by Homer's beautiful word picture of Zeus, the Thunderer, king of gods and of men.

LYCURGUS

884-820 B. C.

WHEN people live near together they are likely to quarrel and make trouble generally, unless they are bound by certain laws which all must obey. These laws may sometimes seem hard, but if they secure the greatest good to the greatest number, they are wise laws.

We have seen how Moses gave the tribes of wandering Hebrews the Ten Commandments to guide their conduct. No doubt there were other lawgivers in other countries, but the first that history tells us

about after Moses, is Lycurgus of Sparta, a small state in Greece.

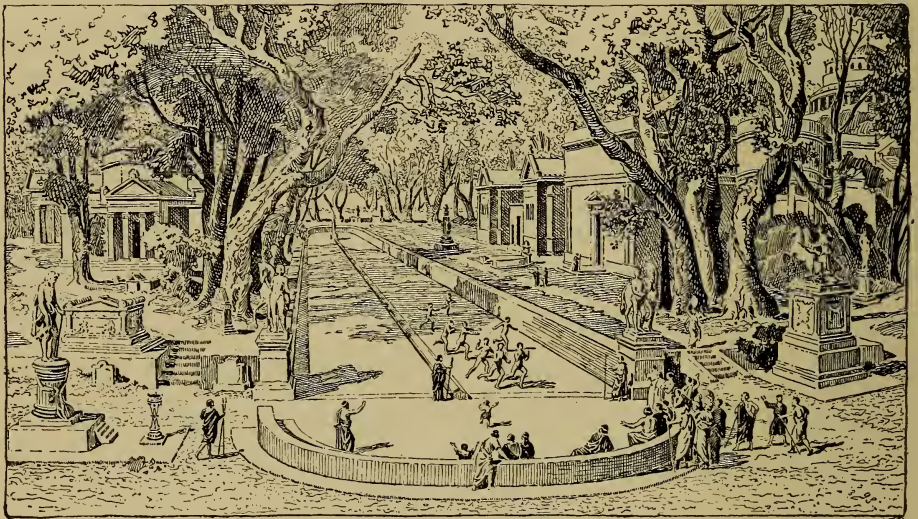
His laws were very much harsher than those of Moses and very different. No other country ever cared to copy them. Yet under their influence, the half-savage Spartans became a hardy race, intensely patriotic, fearless in danger, and intrepid in war. They despised wealth and whatever it could buy; they hated ease, and rich food, and fine clothing. And they were so pious that they permitted nothing, not even war and its promise of glory, to interfere with their religious ceremonies.

Lycurgus had traveled through many countries and studied the conditions wherever he went. He longed to make Sparta greater than any other nation in the world, and therefore he invented for her an entirely new form of government. Before giving it to his people he went to Delphi and piously implored Apollo for guidance. The Oracle approved his laws and he hastened to Sparta, where he explained them and showed how they would benefit the state. Harsh as they were, the people adopted them willingly.

Henceforth the Spartans lived together in one great family whose sole aim was the good of the state. Meals were provided by the government, and king and plowman ate, side by side, of the same coarse food to which each had contributed his share. At seven years of age the Spartan boys were taken from home and cared for by the state. Their schooling was very severe; it was strictly military, and

cowardice and disobedience to orders were considered the blackest of crimes.

When Lycurgus saw the good his laws had wrought, he sought anxiously for some way to make them binding for all time. He called the people together and, announcing that he was going to Delphi to consult the Oracle on their behalf, he made them swear to obey his laws until he should return.



RACE COURSE AT SPARTA.

At Delphi the Oracle told him that his laws were the best in the world, and that Sparta would be famous as long as her people obeyed them. Lycurgus sent this message from Apollo back to Sparta. For himself, he saw that nothing now remained but death.

Had not the Oracle spoken? He knew very well that he could trust his Spartans to keep their compact with him. What was simpler than by never returning, to secure undying fame for his beloved Sparta?

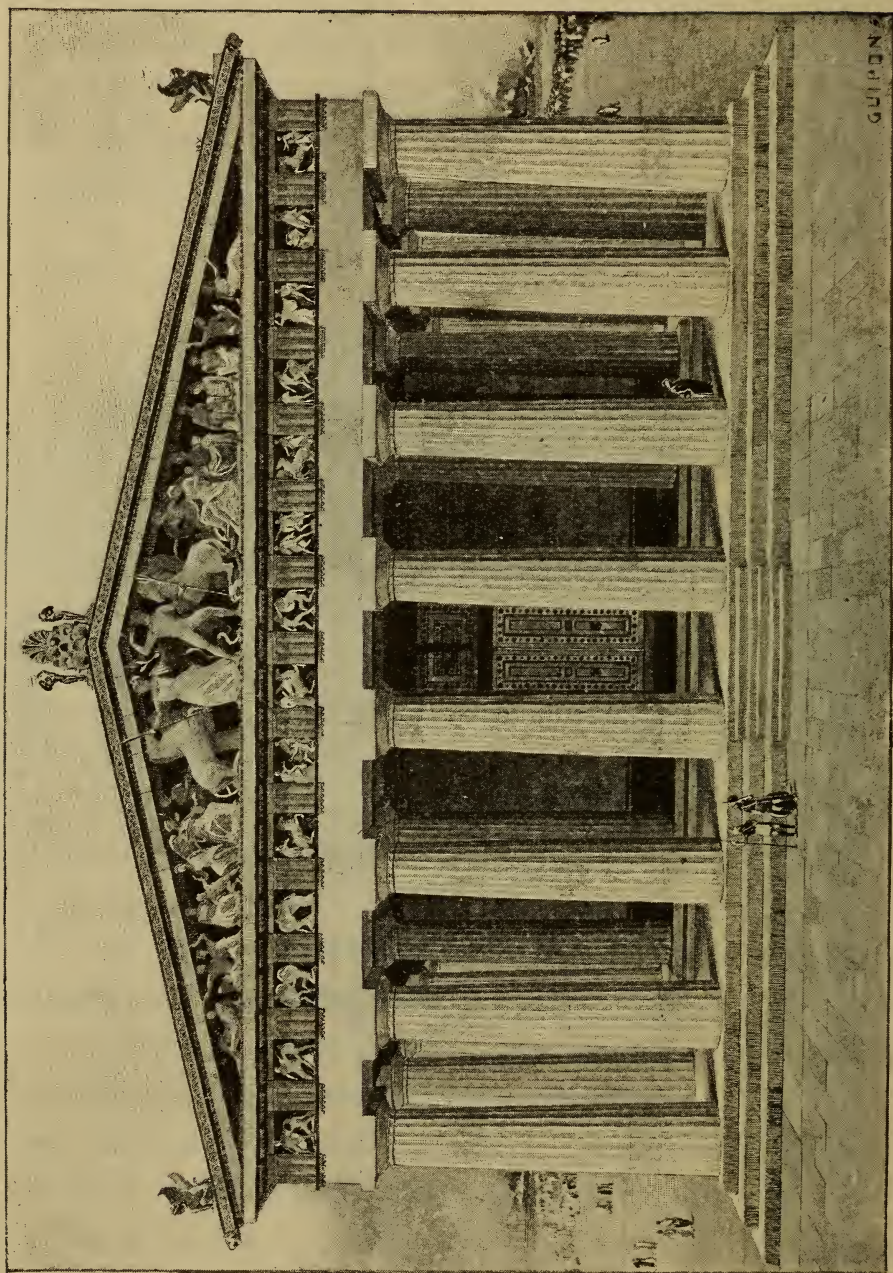
So, without saying farewell to anyone, the noble Lycurgus disappeared in the gloomy mountains, and died there of starvation and exposure. His self-sacrifice was not in vain. His people kept their word with the lofty patriot, and for many centuries the Sparta of Lycurgus was the foremost state in Greece.

SOLON

638-558 B. C.

IN the course of time the twelve little states that met every year to worship at Delphi became one commonwealth. Its capital was Athens, a city where poets, painters, and sculptors were highly honored. Athletic contests were encouraged and the young men trained to war. It was a beautiful city, but the mass of the people suffered many privations. The nobles, having all possible privileges, grew ever richer and more powerful. The taxes pressed heavily upon the poor and their lot became harder day by day. Those who could not pay their debts were constantly being sold as slaves, often to distant countries.

Solon, an Athenian who had traveled far and seen much, determined to better the condition of the people. He made the state come to the aid of the poor, and secured new laws that made it a crime to sell an Athenian into slavery, or even to seize his person for debt.



THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

Their personal liberty being assured, the people now clamored for a share in the privileges of the nobles. Why should not every born Athenian have the same rights as any other?

This is the grand democratic idea that rules in the United States. But at that time Solon, who was a wise man, saw that the people were not fit for self-government, and that such a law would lead to endless trouble. So he gave them, instead, a Council of Four Hundred, to be elected by the people to transact all public business. He also rearranged the taxes, making every rich man pay according to his means, the poor to be free from taxation. He drew up new criminal laws, and also laws to regulate business and the education of children.

Solon's laws were by no means perfect, but they guaranteed the liberties of the Athenians and, later in the world's history, became the cornerstone of national liberty wherever the common people were brave enough to demand a voice in the government.

CRÆSUS

SIXTH CENTURY B. C.

“As rich as Croesus” is a phrase we often hear spoken, although many of the persons who use it have no idea of who Cræsus was, or of where or when he lived. Herodotus, an ancient traveler and writer,

tells us that Croesus was a king of Lydia, an inland state in Asia Minor. Its capital city, Sardis, glittered with Eastern splendor, and its people lived in great luxury, so plentiful was their wealth.

There were Greek colonies with prosperous cities in Ionia, on the sea-coast just west of Lydia. Some of these had been subdued by earlier Lydian kings, and in 550 B.C. Croesus conquered the others. He was now master over the greater part of Asia Minor and his riches were fabulous. He ornamented his capital with such wonderful buildings that it attracted travelers from far and wide. One of these was the Athenian lawgiver Solon, who desired to see this Croesus, who was deemed the most fortunate of men.

Croesus received him kindly, and bade his servants exhibit all his great treasure to the newcomer. Then he asked of Solon: "Whom holdest thou the happiest of mortals?" expecting to hear his own name spoken.

But Solon replied: "Tellus, the Athenian, is to my mind the happiest. He saw his children and his children's children prosper. He lived happily and died gloriously, fighting for his country; and he was buried, where he fell, with high honors as became a victor."

Then the great king inquired further, "Who was next happiest?" thinking that he would surely hold second place.

But Solon answered: "Cleobis and Biton of Athens are the next happiest. These were neither rich nor

poor. But they possessed great strength and used it in honor of the gods. And in return, the gods gave them their best gift to man, sending them death in sleep after they had purified themselves by prayer and sacrifice."

The astonished Cræsus then asked why his own lot was less happy than that of those common men whom Solon had named.

Solon replied: "Oh king, the life of man is full of chance. I cannot call thee happy until I shall know that thou hast ended thy days happily!"

Cræsus was angered by these straightforward words of the wise Solon, yet in the end he came to see their truth.

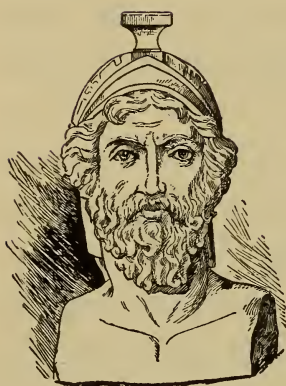
Misfortunes at length came thick and fast. His favorite son was slain while hunting. Cyrus, king of Persia, threatened to invade Lydia, and Cræsus, confident of victory, went forth to give him battle. Twice he was defeated by the Persians. Sardis was taken. Cræsus was captured, and condemned by Cyrus to be burned alive.

While he lay helpless upon the pyre, which was already beginning to blaze, the fallen monarch recalled the words of Solon: "No man may be called happy until a happy death endeth a happy life."

A rainstorm put out the flames and Cyrus allowed Cræsus to live. But the proud king who had been master of many states, who had rejoiced so greatly in his vast treasures of gold and jewels, remained to the end an unhappy dependent upon Persian bounty.

THREE GLORIOUS BATTLES

I. MARATHON, 490 B. C.



MILTIADES.

WHEN we read of Sardanapalus and of Nebuchadnezzar, we are amazed at the extent of their empire, at its unequaled wealth and splendor. Imagine then the impression which the successors of these magnificent rulers must have made on the people of little Greece just over the sea. These people were too valiant to show fear, but far down in their hearts they were doubtless glad that the Ægean Sea rolled between them and their mighty neighbors.

At the time of which we are now speaking, Persia had become the greatest power in Asia, and Greece had good cause to fear the anger of its king Darius. Nine years before, the Athenians had aided some of his cities to revolt, and had helped to burn Sardis. Now Darius had never even heard of the Athenians until he learned of this daring deed. He was fully occupied with more important matters, but lest he should forget, he had bidden a servant tell him, every day at dinner, to "remember the Athenians." Moreover, when he sent to them and to the Spartans for the customary tokens of a nation's submission, namely, a bit of its earth and a vessel of its water,

both refused it, ill-treating and insulting his messengers.

When Darius at last found time to attend to these independent states, he set forth with a great fleet, expecting to crush them at a blow, much as we might do with an aggressive mosquito.

The Athenians sent hurriedly to Sparta for aid. The Spartans were willing enough to help, but being engaged in their religious sacrifices just then, could not possibly leave home. Meanwhile Darius was heading straight for Marathon, a broad plain just outside of Athens, where there was ample room for his famous cavalry.

There he found the Athenians drawn up in battle order, calmly waiting for him. Never did soldiers present a braver front. Facing total extinction, they stood like bronze awaiting the order to advance. And when their leader, Miltiades, gave it, they charged wildly upon the enemy, fighting over every inch of ground, until they had chased the last Persian back to his ship.

Furious at their unaccustomed defeat, the Persians sailed for Athens, determined to vent their rage on the beautiful city. But picture their astonishment and chagrin at finding the same men who had fought them at Marathon, waiting for them there, ready to defeat them again! This was too much. They instantly pointed their prows homeward, and sped away as fast as the wind would drive them.

The Spartans, having finished their prayers, arrived

at Athens too late to share in the glory. But they marched to Marathon, looked at the thousands of dead Persians still lying there, congratulated the Athenians heartily, and marched home again, grieving sorely that they had missed the glorious fight.

II. THERMOPYLÆ. 480 B.C.

Darius made no further attempt to master Greece. He realized that though the Greeks might be over-



A FIGHTING PERSIAN.

come by overwhelming numbers, their heroic spirit could never be subdued. Their little mountainous country was of no value to him anyway, and since it could be but a troublesome possession, he would leave it to itself.

After the death of Darius, however, his son Xerxes took a different view. All of Asia was his;

Egypt was his; why not Greece and whatever might lie beyond? Who dare oppose all-powerful Persia?

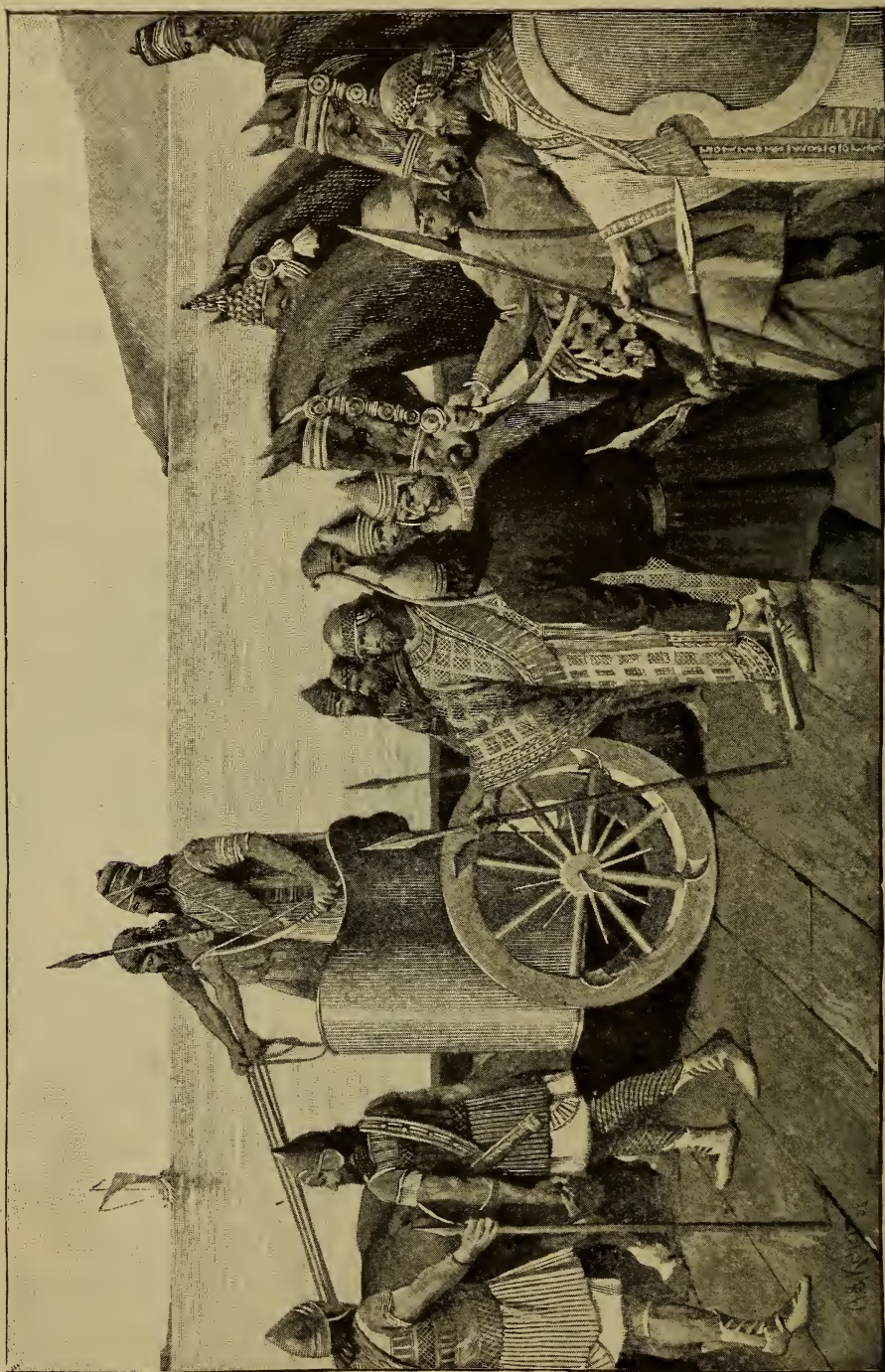
So Xerxes gathered the mightiest army the world

had ever seen, and led it across the Hellespont, the nearest approach to Europe, by means of a bridge of boats. So vast was the host that it took seven days and seven nights to cross this little strait. Overland they marched, everywhere victorious, the fleet sailing westward to aid him when he should reach Greece.

His approach caused the most terrible consternation among the Greeks. Even the Oracle at Delphi predicted their defeat. Athens and Sparta sought in vain to arouse the courage of the other states. Almost unaided, their two little armies marched northward to Thermopylæ, a narrow gap in the mountains, through which the Persians must pass to enter Greece. With Leonidas, king of Sparta, at their head, the four thousand men determined to repel the invaders or die in the attempt. Suddenly Persians appeared in their rear! A traitor had guided them thither along a goat-path. There was nothing now, save to retreat in good order.

But Spartan law commanded her sons to conquer an enemy, or die at his hands. To survive defeat was dishonor. So Leonidas and three hundred Spartans held the pass. Back to back they stood, and stubbornly opposed the enemy, attacking them now from both sides. It was a hopeless struggle, and not a man of the intrepid band lived to tell the story.

Thermopylæ was lost. But the lion-like bravery of its handful of defenders, and the sight of the thousands they had slain, so appalled the Persians as they



XERXES CROSSING THE HELLESPONT.

defiled through the bloody pass, that every heart quaked with fear at meeting such a foe on a fair battlefield.

An inscription at Thermopylæ thus honors the immortal Spartans who fought there :

“Go, Stranger, and to Lacedæmon¹ tell,
That here, obeying her behests, we fell.”

III. SALAMIS, 479 B.C.

ON the same day that Thermopylæ witnessed the magnificent courage of Leonidas and his band, the Persian and Greek fleets met at sea. Two battles were fought, but the enemy continued to advance, unmindful of the loss the Greeks had inflicted. Storm hampered the Persians and wrecked hundreds of their vessels, but their ships still far out-numbered those of the Greeks.

Meanwhile Xerxes had descended upon Athens and had burned it to the ground, its defenders being at Salamis with the fleet. All the other Greeks now hurried home to protect their firesides, leaving the Athenians almost alone. Presently these saw themselves hemmed in at Salamis by the Persian fleet.

Enraged by the loss of their beloved city, ignorant of the fate of their wives and little ones, and hungry for revenge, the Athenians fought like demons. The Persians, far inferior in seamanship, were outmatched and overcome at every turn, and remembering the

¹ Lacedæmon was another name for Sparta.



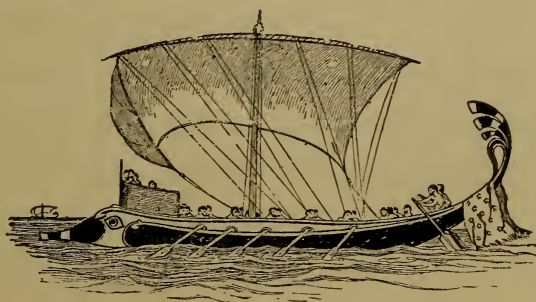
RETURN OF THE GREEKS FROM THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

slaughter at Thermopylæ, put out to sea in wild panic.

Xerxes, from his throne upon the neighboring hillside, beheld the dreadful havoc wrought by the Athenians. He, too, lost heart. His ships were scattered. What if these terrible Athenians should hasten to the Hellespont and destroy the bridge of boats he had left there? How then was he, Xerxes, the mighty ruler of Persia, to reach home?

Alarmed by the thought of such a calamity, he turned and fled northward with his frightened army at his heels.

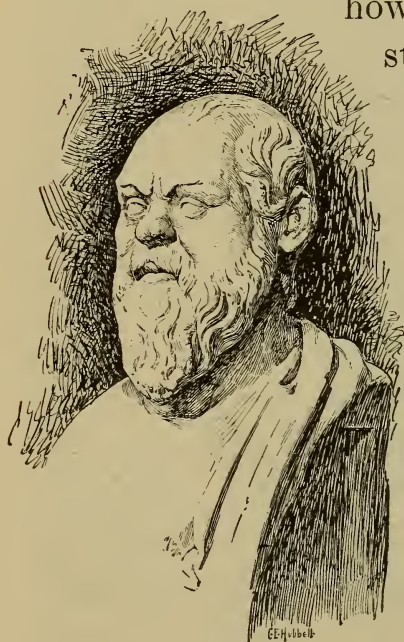
Marathon, Thermopylæ, and Salamis had shattered the Eastern spell, not alone for the Greeks but for all Western peoples and for all time. The victory was the triumph of heroes, fighting for freedom, against the mighty odds wielded by the absolute monarch of a vast empire. It revealed to all the world the superior fighting qualities of the European and gave him a confidence in himself that nothing could henceforth shake. But best of all, these glorious battlefields saved Europe from the blight of despotism that, like a hideous nightmare, paralyzes the East even to this day.



SOCRATES

469-399 B. C.

FROM the earliest times the Greeks, as a people, were very fond of athletics and everything that leads toward the development of the body. The boys spent their days in the gymnasium, racing, wrestling, riding, and practicing with weapons. In Athens



SOCRATES.

however, the youths received instruction also, in language, in history, and in their duties toward the state. There were seats at the side of the gymnasium, and here the boys sat and gave out questions for their teacher to answer. He always asked a question when he had answered one, and in this way he managed to introduce instructive subjects for discussion.

Socrates, perhaps the greatest philosopher that the world has ever known, was always a welcome visitor in the gymnasium, especially when he motioned the teacher aside and took his place. The boys all loved Socrates in spite of his ugly body and his hideous face, in which the eyes bulged and rolled most hor-

ribly. For none answered their questions as quickly and as clearly as Socrates, and none put questions that were half so interesting.

When Socrates walked through the streets he would stop wherever he saw men or boys gathered. He would listen to their talk and then join in it. His warmest wish was to awaken their desire for knowledge. He always knew how to attract their attention and to interest them in his questions. Almost before they knew it, they would be discussing with him the faults men are constantly committing. Then by his direct questions he would lead them to plan how to avoid or lessen these faults.

Presently people began to call him the "Conscience of Athens." They could not help listening to him, for he had a wonderful power over them. They always answered his plain questions, but they carried away with them an uneasy sense of their own wrongdoing. Thus it came about that though Socrates taught only what was pure and true, he became more and more unpopular.

Some one accused him of interfering with the religion of the young. He was tried, declared guilty and sentenced to drink hemlock poison, the Greek method of execution.

But he continued teaching to the end. Soothing the sorrow of his followers who gathered about his deathbed, he bade them remember that the soul, instead of dying with the body as others believed, is liberated at the end into eternal life.

His ugly body was a casket that held a world of beautiful thoughts. He gave them freely to all, and fortunately for us, many of his pupils wrote them down and founded schools in which his ideas were taught. These have been carefully preserved, and to-day there is not a school but follows the teachings of Socrates, the man whom his own people so stupidly and so ungratefully condemned to death.

ALCIBIADES

450-404 B. C.

AMONG the boys who sat at the feet of Socrates none loved him more dearly than did Alcibiades, a lad graceful as Apollo, whose fine clothing and jewels proclaimed him of noble rank. He had a brilliant mind, and a lofty ambition that spurred him to excel in his studies, as well as in athletics. Quick to resent criticism from anyone else, he heeded the slightest reproof from Socrates. When he grew up he won the prize at the Olympic Games three times in succession. This made him the idol of Athens, and he spent his days in feasting and pleas-



ALCIBIADES.

ure. He grew wildly extravagant, yet a gentle touch from the hand of Socrates could curb his worst follies.

In 415, Alcibiades was about to sail at the head of a fleet to attack a distant city. In the night some one had committed a dreadful crime. Every bust and statue of Hermes, the special god of the common people, had been overthrown or mutilated. Some one accused Alcibiades of having done this. He at once asked permission to withdraw from the fleet and defend the charge. But he was ordered to go and in his absence was tried, found guilty and condemned to death.

When this news reached him, Alcibiades fled to Sparta. Here he schemed and plotted to gain power, sacrificing not only his own honor but that of all who trusted him. Away from the influence of Socrates, his worst characteristics became evident. Determined to overthrow Athens, he induced Sparta to attack her, and even called in the aid of the Persians, that common enemy of all Greece.

When Sparta discovered his real motive and threatened his life, he fled to Persia and persuaded that country to withdraw her aid from Sparta. He then coolly sent word to Athens that if he were permitted to return, he would secure Persian soldiers to assist her to defeat Sparta; but, he added, he would never return to an Athens ruled, as before, by the common people's vote. The council of Four Hundred must henceforth be chosen only from the rich.

The common people resented this blow to their treasured liberty. Civil war followed. The rich conquered and sent for Alcibiades.

But the sailors on the fleet would not consent to be thus deprived of their liberties. Alcibiades quickly saw that the real power of Athens lay in its fleet, and hastening to the ships, soon won over the men by his fine promises. Twice he led them on to victory, but in 404, he and his fleet were totally destroyed by Lysander the Spartan.

Thus in miserable failure ended a brilliant life, sadly misspent. Had Alcibiades been true to the high ideals which Socrates had given him, he might have raised Athens to the pinnacle of Old World fame. But, yielding to evil impulses, he trampled upon her liberties, plunged her into the horrors of civil war and, through plotting with her enemies, wrought her utter downfall.

DEMOSTHENES

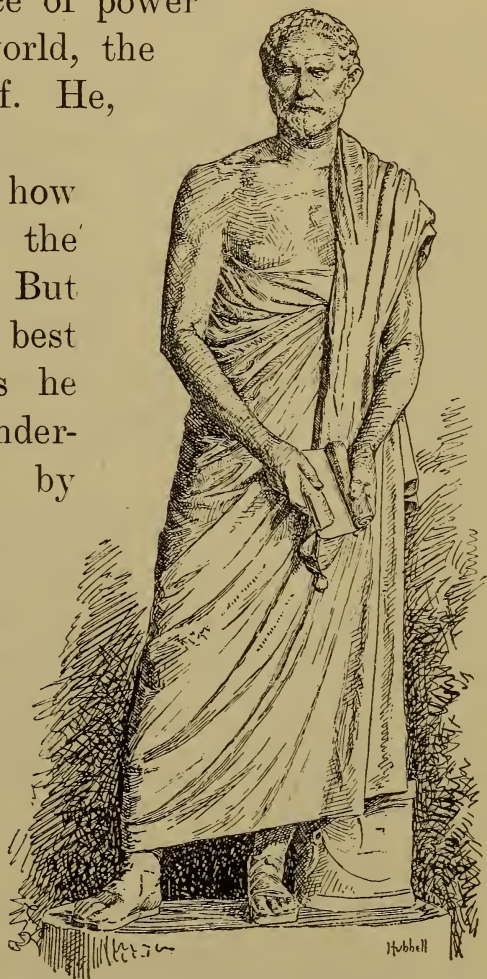
384-322 B. C.

THE boyhood of Demosthenes was most wretched. Death had robbed him of his parents, and wicked guardians had stolen his inheritance. No one cared for the poor lad, and he grew up neglected, miserable, sickly, and the laughing-stock of the boys in the street because of an impediment in his speech. He was

naturally ambitious, but what had the future to offer to such as he?

One day he beheld a mass of people blindly follow, as one man, the dictates of a gifted speaker. Here then, he beheld a source of power that could move the world, the lonely boy said to himself. He, too, would be an orator!

He knew right well how hopelessly distant was the goal he had set himself. But he determined to do his best to reach it. For years he dwelt alone in an underground cavern until, by steady perseverance, he had conquered the impediment in his speech. Far away from every one he studied argument and rhetoric, and practiced speaking aloud until he commanded every tone of the human voice. Then he re-entered the world.



DEMOSTHENES.

In the north a dark cloud hung threateningly over Greece. Philip, king of Macedonia, was preparing to annex her to his realm. Demosthenes surely knew that the turbulent, disunited Greeks could never

repel the invasion of Philip, who, having spent three years among them, knew of their constant quarrelling. But he could not bear to see Greece surrender without a blow, like a mean coward. And surely not his own Athens, once so renowned for her courage!

So he launched against the powerful Macedonian king a series of magnificent speeches full of wonderful vigor and beauty. In these thundering "Philip-pics," as they were called, Demosthenes tried to awaken in the Greeks the fine spirit of their dead heroes. He longed to arouse them to unite and fight for their country against its common foe. In no other way could Greek culture and the Greek love for liberty be kept alive.

For fourteen years Demosthenes continued to urge the men of Greece to defend their country's freedom, and neither threats of punishment nor promises of reward could turn him from his course. All in vain! Not until Philip stood before Athens did the quarrelling states unite to give him battle. And then it was too late. They were defeated, and Macedonia was master of Greece.

Philip did not punish the eloquent Athenian for his fearless opposition, neither did his great son Alexander, who succeeded him. But a later king, after crushing an uprising which Demosthenes had urged the Greeks to make, angrily decreed the patriot's death.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

356-323 B. C.

Two years after his conquest of Greece and just as he was setting forth to conquer Persia, Philip of Macedonia was foully murdered. His son Alexander, then but twenty years old, succeeded to the throne. Aristotle, the famous Greek, had educated this prince most carefully, and he was in every way a gentleman, a soldier, and a king. He loved to read Homer's stirring poetry. He knew the entire Iliad by heart, and, like its heroes, held a soldier's honor high above all else.

Once, on the eve of a great battle, some one showed him how he might gain a mean advantage over his foe. Alexander, however, sprang to his feet in a violent rage and thundered, "*I steal no victory!*"

At the head of the Macedonian army he invaded Asia, landing purposely on the site of historic Troy. On the classic soil he founded a new city, and with appropriate ceremony named it Ilium, to honor Homer.

Alexander's superb military skill, unequalled in all history, now made itself evident. He conquered Persia. He quelled an uprising in Egypt, where he founded Alexandria, and gave the new city the richest library in the world.



DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

One after the other he overcame every Asiatic chief that opposed him. Pausing in his triumphant course only long enough to found new cities, Greek in thought and in government, Alexander crossed the hitherto impassable Hindu-Kush mountains and menaced India. He would undoubtedly have mastered this empire as he had mastered all others, but his trusted army resolutely refused to follow him.

Nor had the ambitious Alexander any inducement to offer them. Every soldier was already clothed in glory and rich in gold, through his share of the enormous treasure unearthed in the ancient Asiatic capitals. Victory had grown stale and conquest monotonous; and the men longed to return home to share their prosperity with their wives and little ones.

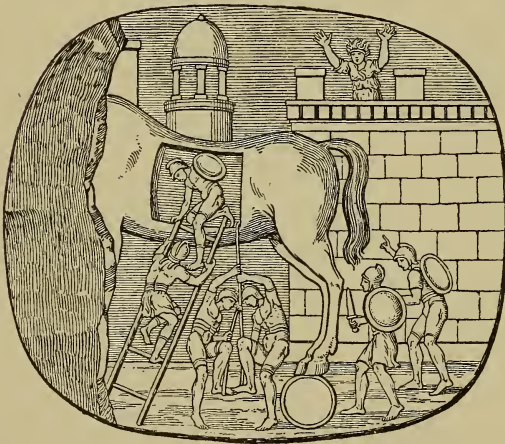
Alexander, unable to go farther, now made Babylon his capital, and amid glittering Eastern splendor, passed his days and nights in feasting and pleasures. But the indolence and the unaccustomed luxury sapped his strength, and at thirty-two death conquered him who had been invincible in life.

His enormous empire fell to pieces of its own weight, but the fragments were mighty empires in themselves. Ruled over by Alexander's generals, they became centers in which the intellect and the culture of the West, and the dignified and refined manners of the East, mingled to the lasting advantage of civilization.

ROME

ÆNEAS

HOMER, the Greek poet, chose for his heroes the conquerors in the Trojan War. Virgil, who was a Roman poet, took for the subject of his great work, the fate of those who were conquered. His poem, the *Æneid*, relates how the Greeks, constructing a



THE WOODEN HORSE.

huge wooden horse, gained access through its aid into the city of Troy. It then describes the fall of Troy and narrates the adventures that befell Æneas and his companions, after they fled from the captured city.

Æneas, the son of Venus and Anchises, was, after Hector, the bravest of the defenders of Troy. He had fought honorably and valiantly for the Trojan cause. But now the city lay in ruins, and he went forth from it, bearing his aged father upon his back and leading his young son by the hand.

Other Trojans joined him, and he assumed the leadership of the little band that, like Ulysses, encountered many strange adventures. Finally, after much distress, the sea-god Neptune guided them to Carthage, on the northern coast of Africa. There they were made welcome, and received such friendly treatment that they were loath to depart.

But Jupiter reminded Æneas of his mission to found a new race in Italy, and the Trojans set sail once more. They landed at Latium, a city near the mouth of the Tiber River in Italy. The king, Latinus, was kind and allowed Æneas to marry his daughter Lavinia. The princess had many other lovers, but Latinus chose Æneas because of a warning dream that had come to him. This dream foretold that if Lavinia would wed a foreigner, a race destined to subdue the world would spring from the union.

After the death of Latinus, Æneas became king of Latium. He ruled well and strengthened his country by victorious wars and by wise alliances. His son, it is said, founded Alba Longa, a city of great importance in its time.

ROMULUS

DIED 716 B. C.

ACCORDING to the Latin legends, Romulus and Remus, the twin brothers who founded Rome, were sons of Mars, the god of war. On the mother's side

they were descended from Æneas, the Trojan hero. They were born in Alba Longa, but a cruel uncle cast them, while they were yet babies, with their mother, into the river Tiber. The friendly river-god washed the babies ashore and a fierce wolf nursed them into boyhood. A good shepherd saw them one day, and feeling sorry for the lads, took them to live with his own boys. Grown to manhood, the brothers determined to found a city of their own. This was supposed to have been in 753 B.C.

They selected a site on the Tiber where seven hills clustered. On one of them, the Palatine, they built an altar. There, amid prayers and sacrifices, they began the new city. When the plow had drawn the first furrow Remus leaped over it with a laugh, ridiculing the "city." The angry plowman struck him down for his daring. When Romulus heard of the death of Remus he was much distressed; but with a spirit truly Roman, he sternly exclaimed: "So be it with all who pass over my walls!"

Men flocked to the new city, so the story goes, but no women. So Romulus proposed a celebration of games, and invited all the people to attend, from near and far. When the games were at their height some one gave a signal, and every Roman seized a visiting maiden and carried her to his home. Romulus tried to soothe the anger of the men, assuring them that their women would be well treated. But they went away, vowing revenge.

Presently they returned to attack Rome. The

kidnapped women hurried out to meet them, and told their fathers and brothers that they were very happy with their Roman husbands. Peace was declared, and the young city remained uninjured.

As the years went by, Rome prospered and was growing in power, when Romulus suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Great was the anxiety until one of the citizens declared that he had seen Romulus clad in shining armor, and that the vanished leader had spoken to him. Romulus told him, he said, that, having now founded the city that should one day rule the world, his work was done. The gods had called him to Heaven, but if the Romans would remain brave and temperate, he would become their special god and protector, Quirinus.

The people believed these tidings; they erected an altar in honor of the new god, and met annually to celebrate his memory.

CINCINNATUS

519-439 B. C.

THE city which Romulus had built grew rapidly. Now and then the Romans quarreled with the people who dwelt near them, and wars followed. It was during one of these that some soldiers one day rushed headlong into the city, announcing breathlessly that the Roman army had been entrapped in a



mountain

pass, and that nothing now
lay between the enemy and Rome.

The dismay was great, the terror greater. With its army hemmed in and the enemy on the march, what could save the city from destruction?

Then the cry arose: "Cincinnatus! Cincinnatus!" Forthwith a committee hurried away to where he dwelt, on the further side of the Tiber. He was of noble birth and noted far and wide for his wisdom;

but he was so poor that to support his family he had to till his farm with his own hands. Clad in a laborer's garb, he was guiding his plow when the men of Rome appeared before him. They came, they said, to invite him to rule as dictator and to avert the awful danger that threatened the city.

Cincinnatus glanced regretfully at his unfinished furrow, and then across the yellow river to the hills of Rome. She needed him, was waiting for his help. That was enough.

He was a man of few words, but quick to act. He bade the men return and reassure the city. Next morning at daylight he appeared in the market place in Rome, and ordered every man to set aside his business; to collect rations to last five days; and to meet him at sunset on the Field of Mars.

At evening a new army, with Cincinnatus at its head, marched out of Rome in dead silence. Before midnight it had surprised and routed the enemy. Rescuing the imprisoned Romans, the combined armies returned home, where a glorious triumph awaited Cincinnatus, the farmer hero.

The Roman Triumph was a great honor, accorded only upon rare occasions. It was a joyous procession that wended its way through the streets of the city, where tables spread with rich food for the returning soldiers lined the streets.

First in line marched the prisoners, bound or chained together. Behind them came the victorious hero's chariot; after him the captured banners, and

last of all, the soldiers laden with the spoils of war.

All Rome burst into loud huzzahs as Cincinnatus rode past, his toga wrapped about his toil-bronzed shoulders. Right and left he bowed and waved a friendly greeting with his hand.

When the day was done, the sturdy old Roman quietly resigned his dictatorship that within twenty-four hours had raised an army, defeated the enemy, and saved Rome from destruction. Had he willed it, the grateful people would have made him dictator for life. Instead, he left the republic that he had saved, to rule itself, and returned straightway to his unfinished furrow.

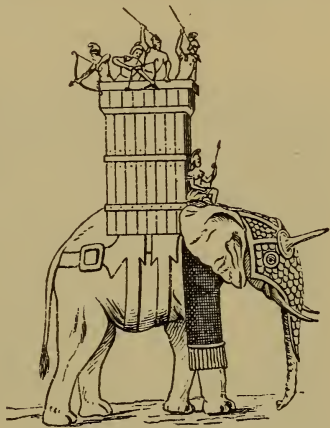
PYRRHUS

318-272 B. C.

PYRRHUS, king of Epirus, a state in Greece, was a direct descendant of Achilles, hero of the Iliad. Born a few years after Alexander's death, and while the world still rang with his fame, he took the great conqueror as his model. Ascending the throne when he was twenty-three, he at once reached out for power. Conquering Alexander's own country, Macedonia, he determined to extend his empire westward instead of eastward.

An Italian state, at war with Rome, sent to him for help. Here was his opportunity. He invaded

Italy, hoping to conquer Rome, and after that all other powers in Europe and in Africa. By reason of his military skill, his well-trained army, and his great war elephants, animals which the terrified Romans had never yet beheld, he defeated them in a great battle. The conquered ones fought so bravely, however, that after the battle was over, Pyrrhus declared that at the head of such soldiers he could master the world. But, he added frankly, another such victory would send him back to Epirus alone.



A WAR ELEPHANT.

He was now ready to make peace, but the Romans refused to treat with him while his army remained in Italy. He then marched on Rome itself, but finding that the state which had asked his aid had left him to fight alone, he declared a truce. He then went to the island of Sicily, to aid its cities to defend themselves from Carthage, a powerful and grasping city on the northern shore of Africa.

Later he returned to Italy, where he was badly repulsed by the Roman legions, as their regiments were called.

Disappointed in his ambitions, he now returned home. He had accomplished nothing for himself, but his invasion of Italy had done much for Rome. She was already rich and prosperous at home where,

by gradually extending a network of roads, she was bringing all Italy into touch with herself. But the victory over Pyrrhus, the famous soldier, had inspired her legions to fuller confidence in their own strength in war, and had won for them the sincere respect of the surrounding nations.

Henceforth, at home and abroad, Rome became a power to be reckoned with in matters of either offense or defense.

HANNIBAL

247-183 B. C.

ON account of the wars which Alexander waged in the East, the Phœnicians lost their carrying trade between Europe and Asia. The city of Carthage on the southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea had a fine harbor, and the merchants found it safer to trade there than in the neighborhood of marauding soldiers.

Carthage, therefore, grew very rich, much to the joy of its inhabitants. But when Rome declared war against their city, they became anxious and fearful lest much of their wealth should be taken from them.

Hannibal, a young and daring general, was in Spain with a Carthaginian army. He had no ships to carry him to Italy, and therefore he determined to invade Rome from the north. This meant that he must march his army through Spain and Gaul (now France and Switzerland), and across the impas-

sable, snow-covered Alps. These were hostile countries, and his men would have to fight for every ounce of food they needed while on the march.

The men, accustomed to the hot sun of Africa, suffered frightfully, fording the ice-cold Alpine streams. They floundered in deep snow and slipped and fell on the frozen rivers, which we call glaciers. Their own hardships were increased by the care they had to give their horses and their herd of war elephants. But at last the terrible march was over, a march which made them and their beloved general famous forever, and passing southward, they took one Roman city after the other.



HANNIBAL.

Had Hannibal then attacked Rome, he might have conquered her. But he waited for the aid which Carthage had promised him, but which her people were too miserly to send.

Meanwhile the Romans, afraid to meet Hannibal in battle, found an easier way to get rid of him. They simply sent their legions to attack Carthage, knowing that its people would instantly send for him, to protect them and their treasures. And that is exactly what happened.

The legions camped outside of Carthage awaiting the coming of Hannibal, whose recall they had managed so cleverly. For the first time in his life the great Hannibal met defeat. Carthage surrendered, and the Romans seized a large part of her wealth.

The unhappy Carthaginians now implored Hannibal to rule them. Under his able government the city grew rich once more, and again it grew uneasy. The people knew that Hannibal had sworn eternal enmity with Rome. They feared he might plunge them into another war, and secretly sent word to Rome that he was taking steps in that direction.

Hannibal left Carthage and went to Asia, where he ended his life rather than see himself led in chains through the streets of Rome.

Hannibal possessed the courage of the heroes of old Greece, and with it the wisdom and the patriotism of the Romans. He was one of the greatest generals that ever lived, but he accomplished nothing because his nation was too cowardly to fight even for its own honor.

CATO

234-149 B. C.

WHEN Hannibal's invasion of Italy caused the Romans to fear for the fate of their nation, Cato was a boy in the military school. He was upright in everything, and faithfully performed every duty.

But he was not popular, because he was always ridiculing the other boys for their fine manners, and scolding them for following the Greek fashions instead of living in true Roman simplicity.

When he grew to manhood, and by his bravery gained the command of an army, he insisted upon the strictest discipline among his soldiers. He was a hard master, as unrelenting with others as with himself, but he led his men to victory after victory, and they had the glory of marching behind him in the triumph Rome accorded him.

Later he held many important offices in the State, and always distinguished himself for his lofty patriotism and unswerving integrity. His was the true spirit of the stern old Roman; and few shared it with him, though the Republic was then at the height of its greatness.

It angered him to see Romans aping the effeminate Greek customs, giving themselves over to pleasure and to luxury; and he loudly denounced them in the Forum and Senate.

When elections drew near, he always examined the record and character of every candidate, and opposed all who had caught the infection of Greek luxury or of Carthaginian dishonesty.

To lessen the extravagance in private life, he caused laws to be made, limiting the amount people might spend upon their food, their clothing, and ornaments.

He was an old man when he urged the Romans to begin the third war with Carthage. He saw with

an anxious heart how dangerously near to Rome the rich African city lay, and her growing power alarmed him. He had not forgotten the dark days of his boyhood, when Hannibal had threatened proud Rome itself, and he wished to prevent such danger in the future. So he was glad when war was declared ; but he died before it ended in the complete downfall of Carthage.

The whole nation mourned for him. He had been stern and often harsh, but only words of praise were heard of the honorable man who, from first to last, had ever struggled to be a true Roman.

THE GRACCHI

TIBERIUS, 168-133 B. C., CAIUS, 159-121 B. C.

HANNIBAL had not been dead very long, when Rome and Carthage were again at war. This time, Carthage was totally destroyed by the victorious Scipio. The daughter of this great general married Tiberius Gracchus, a plebeian. Two sons and a daughter were born and then the father died. The young widow was asked in marriage by many wooers, amongst them a king. But she refused them all and devoted her life to the education of her sons. These she proudly exhibited as "her jewels," when other women, mocking her poverty, showed her their ornaments and precious stones.

When Tiberius, the elder son, was grown, he noted with indignation the suffering of the Roman people. Everywhere the rich had possessed themselves of the conquered territory, tilling it with slaves, while the men who had fought to get it were left to starve.

Loudly Tiberius protested against such injustice.

"Had Roman soldiers bled only to maintain the great in luxury?" he asked. "'Romans,' men said, 'were masters of the world,' yet not a clod of earth could they call their own!"

To undo this wrong the patricians would have to give up the land and divide it amongst the plebeians. But how could he force them to it?

Brave Cornelia spurred him onward. "They call me the daughter of Scipio," she said; "I wish to be known as the mother of the Gracchi!"

So Tiberius worked incessantly and finally secured land for every Roman. But through this act, he incurred the hatred of the patricians. These now denounced him as a demagogue, who sought popularity in order to make himself king of Rome. The people, inflamed at the thought of danger to the republic, grew riotous, and many were killed, among them Gracchus himself!

Caius Gracchus now took up his brother's work. An eloquent orator, he was elected one of the tribunes, high officers who, together with the Senate, ruled Rome. He used his great influence to improve the condition of the common people. He procured laws that enabled them to buy grain at a low rate,

and others that raised the value of their property by building new roads and bridges.

The rich accused Caius of only pretending to help the commoners in order to further his own ends. They sought to undermine his power by falsely promising to do more for the people than he did. At the next election there was much excitement in the streets. Blows were exchanged, and in the tumult Caius Gracchus, like his brother Tiberius, was slain.

When it was too late, the Roman people learned who had been their best friends. They could not bring back the noble brothers, but they honored in death those whom many of them had misunderstood in life.

Henceforth Cornelia was spoken of as "The Mother of The Gracchi," the two sons whom she trained to feel that fidelity to Rome, even unto death, was a Roman's highest duty.

JULIUS CÆSAR

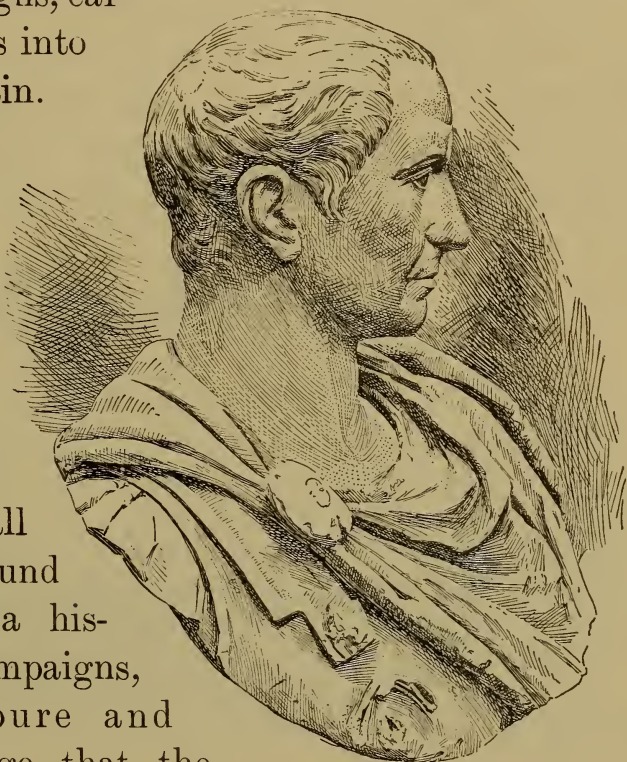
100-44 B. C.

THE simplicity and the stern patriotism of the men of old Rome had utterly disappeared when the last century before the Christian era dawned. In its very first year Julius Cæsar was born, a man wonderfully gifted with oratory, personal magnetism, and military genius.

He had successfully conducted a war in Spain, when disturbances arose in Gaul, and Rome sent him beyond the Alps to restore peace. He fought eight brilliant campaigns, carrying his legions into far-distant Britain.

Wherever he went he introduced Roman laws and customs, built roads and fortresses, and walled cities.

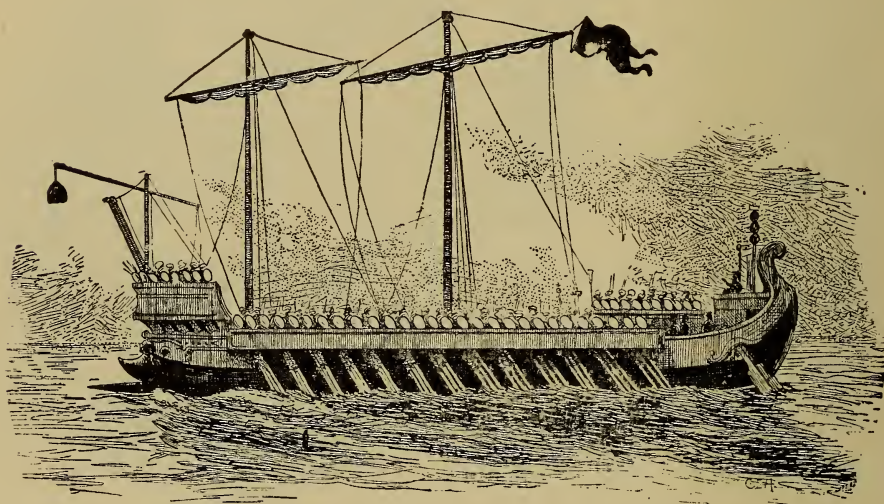
While doing all this he still found time to write a history of his campaigns, using such pure and forceful language that the "Commentaries," as the book is called, is now used in every school where Latin is taught.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

After the close of these wars, Cæsar and Pompey, a general who had gained many victories in the East, controlled the affairs of Rome. Each sought to make himself the sole ruler, and to win over the people and also the Senate, to his side. The people favored Cæsar, but the Senate upheld Pompey, and ordered his rival to disband his army and return to Rome.

Instead of obeying, Cæsar marched against Rome at the head of his army. City after city opened its gates to him, and when he reached Rome, he found that Pompey and the senators had fled into Greece, taking an army with them. Civil war now broke out, and at Pharsalus, in Greece, in the year 48 B. C., Cæsar defeated the greatly superior forces of Pompey. Pompey fled, but was murdered soon afterward, the



ROMAN WARSHIP IN THE TIME OF CÆSAR.

assassins thinking their act would please Cæsar. But when the bloody head was brought to the conqueror, instead of rejoicing that his rival was no more, he wept, and ordered the assassins killed and a fitting funeral accorded to the dead Pompey.

Cæsar next subdued all who yet remained in arms against him. When he returned to Rome, the triumph that awaited him was more splendid than any that city had yet beheld. Without a dissenting voice, the

people now proclaimed that Cæsar should be Dictator for life.

A group of nobles and senators, afraid that this man whom the people and the army loved so dearly, might seek to make himself king and thus overthrow the republic, banded themselves together and decreed the death of "the tyrant." By a prearranged plot they crowded about Cæsar as he entered the Senate chamber, on the fifteenth day of March, 44 B. C. and stabbed him to death. He fell headlong at the foot of Pompey's statue.

Cæsar's had been a just rule, and under his guidance Rome prospered greatly. He built canals and bridges. He planted cities in all the captured provinces and allowed the poor of Rome to settle them. He molded the many different races that peopled the empire into one great nationality, with Rome, to which all roads led, as its capital.

His death plunged the nation into civil war, and instead of prolonging the life of the republic, it served to hasten its end.

SPARTACUS

DIED 71 B. C.

THE public games of Rome which once had been innocent trials of the athletic ability of individuals, changed in character as Rome grew greater. The people clamored for entertainment of a more exciting

nature, and slaves were set to fight each other in public, to the death.

To make greater sport, only the most powerful of the slaves were selected, usually Gauls of gigantic size. These gladiators, as they were called, were



GLADIATORS.

placed in training schools and taught how to fight scientifically, that they might satisfy the most exacting audience.

The gladiators were numerous, and although they were slaves, many of them had become such only through being made prisoners in war. One of these, Spartacus by name, was descended from kings. He incited his companions to make their escape from the training-school, and to flee with him to the mountains. From there they could make their way to

their distant homes. They reached the mountains safely, and their band was soon increased by swarms of outlaws and unruly men. They were forced to draw their food from the surrounding country, but Spartacus tried his best to restrain them from acting with the cruelty of brigands.

Three thousand Roman soldiers were sent to capture the gladiators; but Spartacus defeated them, and then set out northward, hoping to cross the Alps into freedom. But his adherents, well pleased with their robber life, refused to follow. Spartacus was again attacked by a large body of Romans, and again he defeated them. He once more pleaded with his men to leave Italy and regain their liberty, but they preferred to sack and pillage as before.

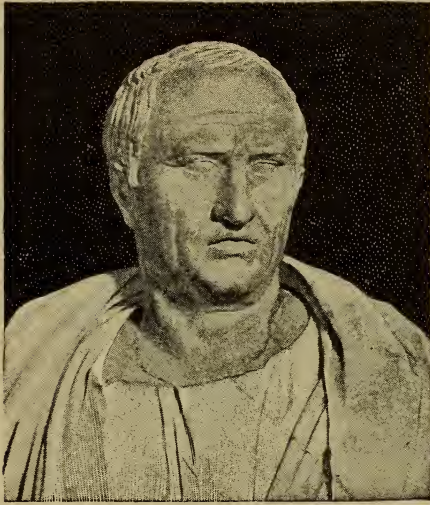
Rome now sent eight of her famous legions to capture Spartacus. This time he was defeated; and though he escaped and made another stand, he was finally overcome and killed in 71 B. C.

CICERO

106-43 B. C.

THE gift of oratory is a most valuable possession. In olden times it was a powerful weapon for good or evil, nor has it even yet lost its magic influence. I have called it a gift, but reading the story of Demosthenes one learns how it can be acquired by hard work and unceasing practice.

To Cicero, the greatest orator of Rome, the gift came by nature. But had he not spent years of study in developing it, his fame would not have outlived the many centuries that have rolled by since, standing in the Forum, or in the Senate chamber, his eloquent words thundered forth his warnings and his wise



CICERO.

counsels. Cicero was a lawyer by profession, and his speeches of defense and of denunciation are masterpieces of brilliant oratory. He took the deepest interest in affairs of state, for he regarded this as the duty of every citizen of the republic. He held many different offices, and in each distinguished himself for his

ability and sterling honesty.

He made many enemies, of course, and was falsely accused of cruelty and injustice in administering the laws. He was banished for this, but at the end of a year was recalled by Pompey and Cæsar, then the rulers of Rome.

But the strong stand he always took for the stern principles on which the republic was founded, once more brought down upon him the hatred of the politicians, and he had to flee from Rome. At the instigation of these men he was set upon and murdered

upon his own doorstep, and the head and hands that had worked so faithfully for the state were brutally severed from his body and hung up in Rome for his enemies to gloat over.

Many of Cicero's speeches have come down to us, and like the "Commentaries" of Cæsar, they have been adopted by schools all over the world as models of style and language. His letters have been saved, too, and these and the record that he kept of daily events are a faithful and priceless mirror of the manners and customs of his time.

NERO

37-68 A. D.

CIVIL war followed the murder of Cæsar. When it ended, the Republic was dead and the Roman Empire had risen in its place.

For a while Rome enjoyed peace and order. The excellent roads stimulated travel and trade, and kept the capital in touch with its distant provinces. The universal success of the Roman arms made the emperor the greatest ruler in the world.

The possession of unlimited power is a great temptation to wickedness and cruelty, and the conduct of many of the emperors of Rome proved this most conclusively.

When Nero became emperor he was still under the

excellent influence of his teacher Seneca, the great philosopher. For five years he ruled justly. Then he gave free reign to the "wild beast" within him that Seneca had taught him how to control. He plunged headlong into a career of crime, remarkable for its enormity even in those times.

A terrible fire broke out in Rome that lasted six



NERO.

days. It was said that Nero himself had ordered it, and that he had watched its progress with pleasure from the roof of his palace. To avert the charge from himself, Nero accused the Christians of the crime.

He declared that the gods were incensed because the new religion was depriving them of their rightful worship. He claimed that it was their

just anger that had sent pestilence into Rome after the fire; and that an earthquake that had shaken Italy, and a serious defeat that the Legions had sustained in the East, were due to the same cause. Since the new faith was to blame for all this, its followers must be exterminated, the emperor decreed, and wicked persecutions followed.

The pleasure which the Roman people took in the

gladiatorial contests had risen almost to insanity. The cruelty exhibited in the arena was most abhorrent. The gladiators were now matched against wild beasts, purposely starved into ferocity. To vary the entertainment, and also to appease the insulted gods, Nero ordered all who forsook the old religion to be fed in public to the lions. Other cruelties, even worse, were contrived by this human monster, but we need not describe them here.

The conduct of this monstrous emperor grew so disgraceful that the army revolted from his rule. Almost at the same time the Senate declared him a public enemy, and sentenced him to be scourged to death.

To avoid this shameful but well-merited punishment, Nero ordered a slave to kill him with a knife thrust. Thus miserably perished Nero whom enormous power had converted into a fiend.

POMPEII

DESTROYED 79 A. D.

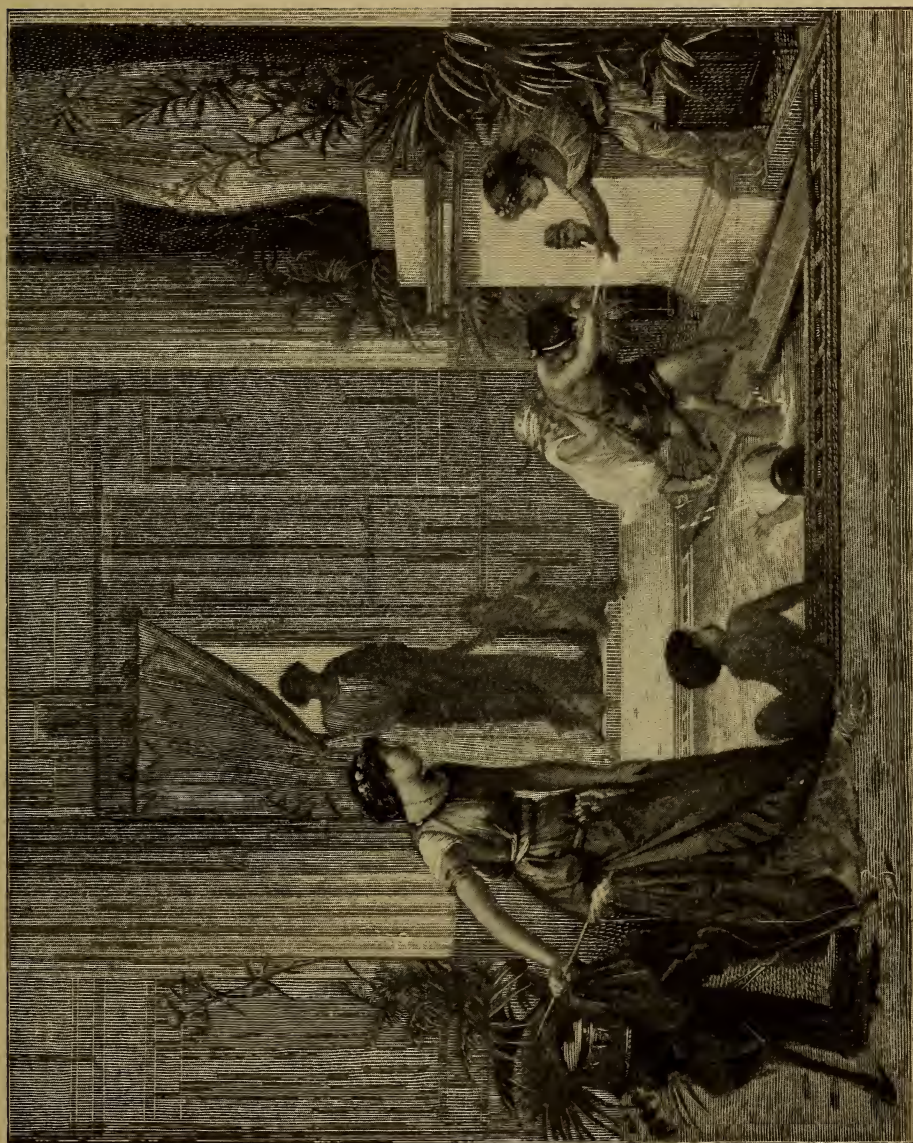
IN Cicero's time and afterward, Pompeii was a beautiful city on the bay of Naples, and the home of many rich and fashionable Romans. Just above it towered Vesuvius, a volcano that for ages had been as harmless as the violet mists that clothed its summit.

One August morning the air about Pompeii was hot and murky, strangely still and sickening. The birds stopped singing. The sun gleamed through a coppery haze, and there were rumblings like distant thunder. In the amphitheater the usual cruel sports were going on, and the audience loudly applauded men writhing in the agony of death. Suddenly a cry rang out: "The mountain! The mountain!"

Above its crest there rose a dense black cloud shaped like a giant pine tree. First came the branches, stretching ever wider; then the great trunk; and at its base, a mass of tangled, fiery roots that, like flaming serpents, darted and squirmed in every direction.

Every heart stood still. Then, screaming, pushing, fighting, falling, the great population rushed forth, fleeing toward the sea. The earth rocked and split open. The awful cloud descended and wrapped the city in darkness. Soft ashes dropped from above like a veil, choking the people's eyes and ears and lungs. Thicker and thicker it fell, until like drifts of snow, it blocked every avenue of escape.

Quivering flashes of lightning, steel blue, orange, violet, crimson, and green, played over the volcano. Rivers of boiling water, whirling torrents of seething mud, overwhelmed the people as they sought to escape. Crashes like heavy artillery deadened the sound of falling walls. Broad streams of glowing lava wound sluggishly down the mountain, and then crawled through the city streets, overflowing every



INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN POMPEII. — THE BATH.

obstacle. Four days the rain of fire lasted. Then the sun peeped forth once more, upon a city buried in the midst of life.

Seventeen hundred years later, people dug away the hardened crust, and the modern world found in the uncovered city a picture of the daily life of imperial Rome, complete in every detail.

In the street of the merchants, the shops still displayed their wares. In the residence district, frescoed walls, protected through the ages by the ashes that had sifted into the unroofed palaces, seemed painted but yesterday; the mosaic floors were brilliant as if newly laid; the marble fountains were white as snow. Food lay spread upon the banquet tables; eggs rested unbroken in baskets; loaves of bread were in the ovens. And skeletons were everywhere; clasped together in a last farewell; hugging vases filled with gold coins and jewels; and buried in lava, with every detail of dress and armor and form, preserved forever in the mold that inclosed them.

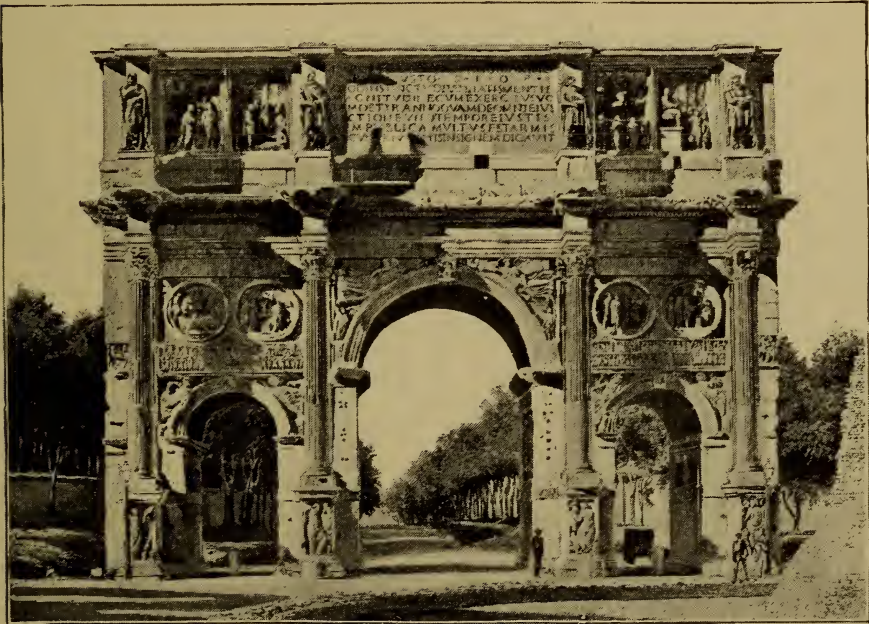
CONSTANTINE

274-337

THE Roman empire, in spite of much misrule, continued to increase in power and in wealth. A long line of emperors followed Nero, some wise and others wicked. After a time the soldiers that guarded

Rome managed to get the electing power in their own hands. Emperors now came and went in quick succession, and periods of civil war became frequent.

Finally the soldiers offered the imperial office for sale and gave it to the highest bidder. This shameful act, so widely opposed to the patriotic spirit of old Rome, roused the brave legions stationed on the



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

frontiers of the empire to interfere. These quickly deposed the emperor elected by such disgraceful means, and replaced him with their best general. Order was restored, but the old Roman customs were fast dying out. When Constantine came to the throne, the government was merely an absolute monarchy without a trace of the privileges that had been so dear to the republic.

The persecution that the Christians endured during the reign of the cruel Nero and afterward, did not hinder the spread of the new belief. But its growth was materially helped when Constantine allowed himself to be converted, and declared Christianity the religion of the state.

This act roused anger among the large number of Romans who still worshiped the old gods. Incensed by their enmity, and moved also by political reasons, Constantine decided to abandon Rome and build a more splendid capital. The ancient city was too insignificant, he said, to be the head of an empire that included all Europe and a large part of Asia. He selected for the new capital a magnificent site at the point where Europe and Asia almost touch, and began the erection of the city with great pomp. It grew rapidly, and in 330 he dedicated it with fitting ceremony to the Virgin Mary, and named it, in his own honor, Constantinople.

Constantine was a clever statesman and ruled with much skill. He systematized the government of the enormous empire, dividing it into three departments, — civil, military, and religious. This conferred a large amount of political power upon the Christian church, and made it for centuries a strong factor in the history of the world. For this, and for his firm hand that united the various Christian sects in one church, the name of Constantine the Great will ever be remembered.

MEDIÆVAL EUROPE

ATTILA THE HUN

?-453 A. D.

WHEN the Roman empire was at the height of its power, a remarkable movement was taking place in Asia, far beyond the provinces where her eagle banners flew. In Central Asia a wild horde of Huns and Tartars, starving in the arid region that had been their home, started upon a migration into new lands.

Like an avalanche they poured into Russia, overwhelming everything in their path. Their furious onslaughts subdued every tribe that dared to resist. Killing the old men, the women, and the children, they forced the fighting men to join their ranks and then swept on. Like a herd of fierce wolves, these savages pushed ever westward, burning, pillaging, slaying, and dragging with them every man who could wield a sword or a lance.

Wherever they appeared, wild panic seized the people, and whole nations fled at their approach. Even the courageous Goths trembled before the invaders, believing them demons, not men. And no wonder! Never before had they beheld creatures

that equaled in fierceness and cruelty these undersized beings who sat upon their swift horses as if a very part of them. Their naked limbs were covered with black hair, and their habits were so filthy, that the winds brought the vile odor of their unwashed bodies hours before they swept into sight.



THE HUNS.

Like a plague of locusts eating the land bare wherever they alight, and then moving irresistibly onward in search of new fields to devour, these Eastern savages swarmed over Europe. Under their intrepid king, Attila, they overran Italy and the greater part of Western Gaul (now France and Switzerland).

In the face of this universal terror, the Romans, the Franks, and the Southern and the Western Goths wisely ceased their constant bickering and united their forces, knowing that singly, even the Roman empire would fall before the savages.

Meanwhile however, Attila, the "Scourge of God" as the priests termed him, had invaded France with an army of half a million men, leaving behind the usual broad trail of blood and fire. With this mighty host he laid siege to Orleans. The Frankish city seemed doomed. Suddenly, on the horizon, gleamed the helmets of the Romans and the Western Goths. Attila fled hastily to Chalons, where his wonderful cavalry might have free play.

Terrible was the conflict that was waged between East and West, and frightful the carnage. Night fell over a field strewn with hundreds of thousands of dead. Both armies had suffered so severely that neither could claim the victory.

The next day Attila remained in camp, awaiting an attack and resolved to fight to the finish. But no attack was made, and the barbarians finally withdrew without molestation.

Attila soon afterwards crossed the Alps and laid waste the whole of northern Italy. The city of Rome itself seemed doomed, when the barbarian suddenly changing his plans recrossed the Alps. He died soon afterward, and the vast empire of which he had made himself the master was broken up.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT 600 A. D.

WHAT Homer did for Greece, and Virgil for Rome, the unknown author of the Nibelungenlied has done for Germany, and for all the other nations that belong to the Teutonic race.

We Americans are sprung from this great family, and we proudly claim descent from those heroes whose loyalty to one another, even in death, we read of in the rude and ringing stanzas of the ancient Nibelungenlied.

Herr Wagner, the great musician, made use of the story in his Nibelungen Trilogy, but he introduced the Norse myths and allowed the gods to help and hinder the heroes, much as Homer did in his story of Troy.

In the "Lied" itself, however, the events recorded are the simple and natural outcome of human love, and hate, and greed for "yellow gold." The story is laid in the period when Attila, the Hun, overran Europe, and its closing scene of horror takes place in his rude castle in Vienna.

The word "Nibelung" means "Land of the Mist." Within its shadowy realm, legend says, there once lay a vast treasure guarded by giants.

Those who possess the treasure are called the Nibelungen, and a curse seems to cling to the gold. Siegfried the hero, purer and nobler, but no less brave



BRUNHILDA.—A HEROINE OF THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

than Homer's great Achilles, snatches the hoard of gold from the giants. The cruel fate that speedily overtakes him and those who treacherously rob him of the treasure, forms the body of the story. The characters are mainly historical and, like those of the *Iliad*, they afford us a realistic picture of those stirring times, when brave men sacrificed the last drop of blood for love and honor.

But, unlike Homer, the nameless poet never sings of the beauty of the sea and sky, or of the gentler emotions that move men's hearts. Here all is vivid action. Wild and daring adventures follow in rapid succession, told in language less picturesque than Homer's, but stronger and more rugged. We watch the heroes rush headlong into the final tragedy. With the clang and clash of steel on steel, shoulder to shoulder they fight their last fight, and amid wreaths of smoke and lurid flames fall, one by one, the victims of a woman's vengeance.

In the *Iliad*, the heroes shine forth clad in the honor and fame for which they strove so valiantly. In the *Nibelungenlied*, the heroes fight and fall linked together by ties of gratitude, of kinship, of sacred hospitality, or of the plighted word.

We have seen in the stories of Ulysses and of Achilles that the keynote of Homer's *Iliad* is courage and glory, with trust in the gods. We have seen, too, how the Greek people were long influenced by the inspiration of the *Iliad*. The keynote of the *Nibelungenlied* is loyalty and fidelity. And presently we

shall find these high qualities becoming the basis of a new form of government, destined to sway Europe for many centuries. This was the Feudal System, and it rested wholly upon fidelity to duty. From the king to the lowest churl, it demanded an oath from every man to obey those above him, and to protect and aid those below.

CLOVIS

465-511

AFTER the final defeat of the Huns, the Goths, returning to their lands, occupied such territory as they could seize and hold. The Franks, one of the various Gothic tribes, wandered northward into Holland and Belgium; the Visigoths, westward into Spain and France.

Christianity had been introduced among the Goths before Clovis became king of the Franks; but he was a heathen. Though but fifteen when he began to rule, he at once showed his ability, and his determination to enlarge his kingdom. The fertile fields of fair France filled him with longing, and the little corner of it that his father had won did not satisfy him. So he seized the kingdom of Paris, and annexed it to his own dominions.

Burgundy was a troublesome neighbor, and an excuse to attack it was not hard to seek. Clovis de-

feated the Burgundians and made an alliance with them for mutual support in peace and in war.

Clovis had by this time become a Catholic, and the Church begged him to protect it from its enemies in Southern Gaul. This was the land of the Visigoths. The kingdom had long been torn in two by Christian factions which differed in their views, and the weak King Alaric was unable to quiet them.

Scenting possible conquest, the ambitious Clovis readily consented to aid the Catholic party. He invaded Southern Gaul, and thus initiated the first of that long series of frightful wars, fought in the name of religion, that plunged Europe into darkness, and drenched it for centuries in the blood of brother fighting brother.

With his Burgundian allies Clovis defeated the Visigoths, King Alaric falling in the first battle. Two years more of fighting, and Clovis was master of all France and Spain. Later he was induced to cede Spain and a strip of the southern French coast to Alaric's son.

Clovis now sought to strengthen his kingdom, and at his death he left it, compact and well-governed, to his four sons. How these neglected their duty of caring for it, and how it was saved, you shall soon learn in the stories of Charles Martel and of Charlemagne.

In the history of France the name of Clovis, the half-barbarian chief and Frankish conqueror, appears as her first king.

AUGUSTINE

ENGLAND, 354-430

A MARKED characteristic that the various tribes who dwelt in the British Isles had in common, as far back as Cæsar's time, was the passionate desire for personal liberty. The free man, "the churl" of Britain, wore his blonde hair hanging long over a neck that never bent to a master. The "blood-bond" united the members of a family, and allegiance to its head was the highest duty. Families connected by ties of kinship, or by living on adjacent lands, formed alliances of offense and defense with one another for life and death.

Originally the people were agricultural, but after the Roman conquest, cities sprang up, and a rude commerce was established.

When the Goths threatened to overrun Italy, Rome recalled its powerful legions, and the Britons lived for a while under home-rule. This was not particularly successful, and it invited the invasion of the island by bands of daring Angles and Saxons whose dragon boats brought them in great numbers to the British coast. These fierce fighters speedily conquered the natives, and settled themselves in their midst. The birth of the English race dates from this period.

Although the Britons had been partially converted to Christianity, the new conquerors worshiped the

old Norse gods, and Thor and Woden were acknowledged by all.

Small kingdoms now sprang up, and wars between them were frequent. The Saxon, or English man, who allowed himself to be taken a prisoner in these wars, was considered disgraced forever. No matter how high his rank may have been, he could be sold as a slave. The rule in battle was to conquer or to fall, and those who were captured were often sold into distant countries.

One day, in far-off Rome, Pope Gregory the Great saw some of these English prisoners in the slave market. Their white skin and fair hair attracted his attention. He spoke to them, and learned that they were from England, and heathens. He inwardly determined to convert their people to Christianity.

Opportunity presented itself for this when Ethelbert, an English king, married a Christian princess of the Franks. The Pope sent Augustine, at the head of a band of monks, to England to teach the people the new religion. At the end of a year the king and thousands of his subjects became Christians.

Augustine and his co-workers deserve much praise for their success. Their task was not easy, for the English people clung to the Norse religion which appealed so strongly to their barbaric nature. The good and wise Augustine very prudently allowed them to retain some of its harmless ceremonies, and more than one of these, like the May-pole dance, survives to this day.

MOHAMMED¹

ARABIA, 570-632

WHEN Alexander, and after him the Romans, invaded Asia, they paid no attention to Arabia. Yet this hot and sandy peninsula was destined to make all Europe tremble before its victorious armies.

The Arabs claimed descent from Ishmael, who was sent to live in the desert by his father Abraham. They knew of the one God, but they were idolaters. They hung their idols around the Kaaba, a great black stone in Mecca, which they believed had fallen from heaven, and they gathered there every year to worship.

Mohammed, a camel driver, lived in the city of Mecca. He had often listened to Jews and Christians discussing religion, and he realized the stupidity and the sin of the Arabian idolatry. He longed to bring his people back to the worship of the one God of Abraham. For nine years he strove, yet he gained but a single follower. Then he left Mecca and went to Medina. This was in 622 of the Christian era. The Mohammedans call this event the "Hegira," and date the years from it.

¹ Although Mohammed was an Arab and his history properly belongs to that of Asia, his teachings and the deeds of his followers had great influence upon the history of Mediæval Europe. For this reason a sketch of his career becomes not only proper in connection with others here presented but absolutely necessary to a clear comprehension of the events to be narrated.

Everywhere he went, he saw that his people had become a race of thieves and drunkards; that the women were neither good nor modest, and that the poor suffered greatly. He went about teaching that "Allah is Allah," which means simply that God is God, and not an idol.

He forbade gambling, stealing, and the drinking of wine; he commanded the people to pray three times every day, and to give alms to the poor; and he laid down strict rules of conduct for women. In return, he promised an everlasting paradise of earthly pleasures to all who would accept the new faith, fight for it, or die for it.

The new religion spread rapidly throughout Arabia, and Mohammed determined to force it upon the rest of the world. His followers, believing that to die for their faith would straightway take them to the delights of heaven, welcomed war. Fearless of death and familiar with weapons, they were victorious in every battle, and everywhere they forced the conquered to accept the new religion.

Mohammed died in 632, but he had so impressed his followers with the truth of his belief, that they looked upon the Koran, the book that contained his teachings, with the same feelings in which we regard our Bible. They followed his directions implicitly, feeling that he represented God on earth. They conquered Palestine, Egypt, and the countries in Asia Minor, and compelled the people to accept Islam, as their faith is sometimes called.

Mohammedanism was established by the sword, but it took root and flourished, and to-day millions of men observe its commands. Many of its followers are selfish and cruel, but not one ever drinks, or gambles. Almsgiving is an every-day duty, and the women live modestly as Mohammed commanded.

Dwelling in the open country the Arabs were naturally thoughtful. Mohammed encouraged education, and in later years the Arabian schools were world renowned for their deep knowledge of science and of mathematics. Indeed, it has been said that the Arabs who conquered Spain and dwelt there, kept the light of learning alive in Europe during the period which we call the Dark Ages.

CHARLES MARTEL

FRANCE, 694-741.

THE successful Arabs or Saracens (Easterns), as we must henceforth call them, poured along the northern coast of Africa from Egypt to the Pillars of Hercules. From these heights they viewed the fertile Andalusian fields, and presently they swarmed into Spain and triumphed over the Visigoths. These, if you will remember, owned also a strip of the southern coast of France, ceded to the son of Alaric by the great Clovis. From here the Saracens sallied forth into France itself. The sons of Clovis, living only

for their own pleasures, did nothing to hinder the advance of the daring Mohammedans.

The cares of state had long since been too great a burden for these dainty gentlemen to bear, so they left such troublesome matters to Pepin, the Mayor (chamberlain) of the Palace. Fortunately this man was clever and able, and he at once sent his son Charles to expel the infidels. Charles met them at Tours, in the year 732, and defeated them so signally that never again did the followers of the Prophet, (as they called Mohammed,) attempt to set foot on French soil.

So vigorously did Charles lay about him on the battlefield; so many were the foes that fell before him, and so mighty the blows he rained right and left, that henceforth he was known always as Charles Martel (the Hammer).

The importance of this victory at Tours cannot be overestimated. Had the Saracens triumphed, the weak sons of Clovis could never have stayed their onward march. Beyond France lay England, whose untrained defenders were no match for the skilled Arabian warriors. So, had it not been for the soldierly qualities of Charles Martel, we should very likely have had mosques, and not cathedrals, built in France and in England. And, instead of developing their Anglo-Saxon spirit, our ancestors would have been molded by the same Arabian influences that held sway in Spain for nearly a thousand years.

CHARLEMAGNE

FRANCE, GERMANY, 742-814

CHARLES MARTEL, succeeding his father as Mayor of the Palace, was quite willing to do the work of the indolent sons of Clovis and let them have its glory. But his son Pepin was more ambitious, and when his turn came to act as king, he induced the Pope, who in those days made and unmade kings, to make him the nominal as well as actual ruler of France.

At his death the crown passed to his son Charles, who, like Alexander, seems to have inherited every lordly gift. He succeeded to a prosperous and well-governed kingdom. He had military skill and a genius for politics; he was an active law-giver; a lover of literature; a patron of learning in an age when education, outside of the church, was wholly unknown, and an architect of great ability.

From his Frankish kingdom he looked out across the Rhine into a land still more than half heathen. He conquered and quieted the turbulent tribes; he brought them under his rule, forced them to obey the laws, and to embrace Christianity.

STATUE OF
CHARLEMAGNE.

He improved the internal affairs of his great kingdom and established justice everywhere, especially for the poor.

He overthrew and punished the enemies of the Church in Italy, and in token of his gratitude, the Pope, after celebrating mass in St. Peter's in Rome on Christmas Day, 800, solemnly crowned Charles as "Charlemagne, King of Italy and Emperor of the West, Worthy Successor of the great Cæsars of Rome."

It was a great surprise, but no man merited it half so well as did this grandson of Charles Martel.

He united France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the Netherlands (Holland and Belgium) into one great nation. He gave the people schools and churches; he built for their benefit roads and bridges and fortresses; he appointed able and honest governors, and made these fill the lower offices with men of similar character.

When Charlemagne felt that his end was come, he had himself carried into the church at Aix. Summoning the nobles, he bade his son Louis stand up and in their presence swear:

"To fear God; to love his people as if they were his own children; to do right and execute justice; and to walk uprightly before God and men."

And when Louis had taken the solemn oath, Charlemagne lifted the imperial crown, saying:

"Take this crown, set it upon your head, and

never, never forget the promise you have made this day ! ”

Charlemagne was buried amid universal sorrow, in his beloved cathedral at Aix. The light from its dome sifts softly down on the great stone slab that covers his tomb. It bears only the simple inscription

“Carolo Magno.”

None could be more fitting. For Charlemagne needed neither pyramid nor rock-tomb, neither marble nor glittering bronze to tell the after world of his greatness. His best monument is the love and honor that were his in life, and that his people still pay to his memory.

ROLAND

FRANCE — TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE. CALLED PALADIN
OF CHARLEMAGNE

CHARLEMAGNE was ever mindful of his common people. He knew that law and order were necessary for their welfare, and that peace and prosperity must prevail, wherever obedience to those above, and helpfulness to those below, govern every man's conduct.

And these are the qualities that lie behind all the stirring stories of chivalry that, beginning with Charlemagne, brighten the history of Europe during the Middle Ages. Loyalty to superiors, protection and

kindness to all who are weak and in distress, always distinguished the brave knights of old. And to this day they are the motives that spur men on to heroic action.

There were many brave gentlemen at Charlemagne's court, and countless stories are told of their gallantry and their prowess. Perhaps they are more



TOWER OF CHARLEMAGNE.

fanciful than true, but that does not lessen their interest. Many of them are about Roland, also called Orlando, foremost among the heroes of Charlemagne.

Here is the story of his first meeting with the great king:

Roland's father had secretly wedded the sister of Charlemagne.

When the monarch heard of this daring act, he was angry, and depriving him of his property, banished both from the land. From place to place the pair wandered, forced to make their dwelling in caves. They were very poor, and their little son Roland, unaware of his noble birth, grew up with the peasant children. Charlemagne, on his way to Italy to help the Pope, was feasting one day by the public highway. Roland's

father was away, hunting. His wife and child, hidden in a dark cave, were without food or fire. The hungry boy beheld the king's servingmen pass by, laden with rich viands, with fruits and wines for the royal table.

Thinking only of his starving mother, he dashed in amongst them, snatched an armful, and rushed away. Charlemagne, who had seen the whole proceeding and had noted the lordly bearing of the half-naked lad, ordered him to be pursued. The knights followed and found him, armed with a cudgel, awaiting them at the mouth of the cave. At their approach, his lady mother stepped forward and stayed his arm. Wrapping her ragged robe about her with the air of a princess, she revealed her identity to the astonished knights, calling each by name. Reverently kissing her hand, they hastened back to report to Charlemagne. Graciously he pardoned the past, and henceforth Roland lived at court with his royal uncle and was educated as befitted his rank.

He had scarcely been knighted when he overcame a gigantic Saracen in combat. As the foe lay dying he offered his ivory hilted sword, as was customary, to the victor. "Take it," he whispered; "it is yours. Guard it well and treasure it, for it is Durenda, the wondrous blade which brave Hector wielded at the siege of Troy."

Roland was a true knight, and never did he unsheath the beautiful Durenda in a wrong cause. He drew it in many a good fight for Charlemagne.

And when at last he fell, battling at Roncesvalles
for his king, he

“Brake his gallant sword in twain
Lest craven hand, or dastard deed,
Its spotless sheen should stain.”

PETER THE HERMIT

FRANCE, ?-1115

IN the story of Mohammed you read that the Arabs conquered Palestine. As long as they ruled in Jerusalem, the Christians were treated fairly well. Later, however, the Turks drove out the less barbarous Arabs, and the newcomers oppressed and persecuted the Christians. They desecrated the churches and ill-treated the pious pilgrims who, from all parts of Europe, came to pray at the Holy Sepulcher. When the pilgrims returned, they complained bitterly to the Pope. He at once sent Peter the Hermit all through Europe, to bid the people go to Palestine and rescue the sacred tomb from the heathen.



A KNIGHT OF THE
FIRST CRUSADE.

Peter's eloquence, and his loud denunciation of their neglect of the Saviour's grave, aroused all Europe.

Like wildfire the enthusiasm spread. Men, women, even children, rich and poor alike, unwilling to wait for an army to be organized, eagerly started forth, some mounted, but most of them on foot. Across the continent they marched in a long, straggling line, suffering terrible privations and dying on the way by thousands.

Presently the kings and emperors joined the movement. At the head of trained armies these rulers led the way to Palestine, and once more the Holy Land was the battleground in the eternal fight between East and West.

The Christian soldiers wore crosses fastened to their shoulders. Hence these wars became known in history as the Crusades. They continued for two hundred years, draining all Europe of its best strength, and hindering its progress in education and enlightenment. And all to no purpose ; for although the Christians captured Jerusalem, it was again taken by the Turks, and to this day it remains in their possession.

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

GERMANY, 1123-1190

FREDERICK, nicknamed Barbarossa because of his red beard, was but twenty-nine years old when he became emperor of Germany and of the Roman Empire. It was a vast and unruly realm, and only

a clear head and a strong arm might control it. But Frederick had both, and at the same time a warm heart for his common people.

For many years he had trouble with the princes and kings who owed him allegiance, but who sought to throw it off that they might pursue, unpunished, their custom of robbing travelers on the highway, or neighbors whose lands or cattle they desired. In Italy the people were anxious to throw off the yoke of a foreign ruler.

The young emperor had plenty to keep him busy. Whenever he was quelling disturbances in one land, trouble would spring up in the other. But he had a firm hand and a determined will; he was, too, a clever statesman, who knew how to make use of persuasion and concession, when the outcome of war was uncertain.

In this manner he won the allegiance of Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Burgundy, and the Italian states. He was a good Catholic, but he had many long and bitter struggles with the church. Hitherto the Popes had interfered with the power of the kings and emperors for the benefit of the church. Frederick felt, and taught his subjects to feel, that although they owed implicit obedience to the Pope in all religious matters, yet in affairs of state the interests of the fatherland must ever rank highest.

This was a daring stand to take, and it plunged the Emperor into many difficulties. But it secured that whole-souled devotion of the people to their

country without which no state can exist. Eventually the Pope and the Emperor became friendly once more, and an era of peace and prosperity ruled in Europe. The people were contented and happy, and regarded their emperor with loyalty and love. He had succeeded because of his untiring energy and watchfulness, his gentle bearing, and his lion-like courage.

He was sixty-five years old when news came of the triumphs of the Saracens over the Christians in the



CRUSADERS IN THE HOLY LAND.

Holy Land. Instantly the brave old man drew his sword and joined the Third Crusade. Travel in those days was no easy matter, and while crossing a river the emperor was drowned. He was then close to the Holy Land, and was buried in Antioch.

His sorrowing subjects refused to credit the sad tidings. They could not believe that their red-bearded giant was no more.

Indeed, the little children in his land still repeat the legend of the great king who sits in his lonely cave in the Kyfhausen mountains, awaiting the hour when Germany shall have need of his strong arm. And so long has he sat there, keeping his silent vigil, that his fiery beard has grown quite through the stone table on which his mighty head rests in dreamless sleep. At least so runs the story, and all the little folks believe it.

RIENZI

ROME, 1313-1354

IN the middle of the fourteenth century, neither pope nor emperor dwelt within the seven hills of Rome. The city lay at the mercy of the barons who, from their fortified castles outside the town, claimed toll from all who passed their way. Citizen and serf, pilgrim and traveler, all were forced to pay them tribute.

Within the city lived a young man of strong literary tastes, named Rienzi. He was of an enthusiastic nature, and noting the sharp contrast between the glorious past of Rome and her inglorious present, he sought to reawaken the old Roman spirit. He espoused the cause of the widow and orphan, and of the down-trodden everywhere. He won over the populace to his ideas and urged them to insurrection. A com-

mittee was appointed to rule the city, and Rienzi was sent to Avignon to invite the Pope to dwell once again in Rome.

The Pope refused. Disturbances followed, and Rienzi, seizing all private property, distributed it amongst the poor, according to a new constitution that he gave them. They made him Tribune, and declared him subject only to the Pope. The Senate was expelled, and the barons, fearing they would be driven from their castles, and uneasy at the immense power in the hands of Rienzi, made haste to show their good will. They readily swore to protect the poor and to police the roads from bandits, and then they returned to their strongholds to pillage as before.

But by this time Rienzi's head had been turned by success. He adopted the manner and dress of royalty, and he spent his days in feasting and in riding through the town in state. This antagonized the Romans, and the barons were quick to turn Rienzi's foolish conduct to good account. They accused him of selfish ambition and Rienzi pleaded his cause in vain. He therefore abdicated his office and left Rome.

Later he returned, and having regained his influence, was made a senator. Angered at a tax the Senate had imposed upon them, the mob attacked Rienzi and killed him, as their ancestors in the olden days had killed the Gracchi.

Rienzi's purpose was high and noble, but the people, unlike the stern old Romans, were not fit for

self-government. Had they been willing to assume the duties, as well as the glory, of citizenship in a republic, the new Rome would not have fallen with him who had called it into existence.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

ENGLAND, 1330-1376

THE Crusades showed Europe that the English in their island home had developed into a powerful people whose knights were unsurpassed in courtesy, in courage, or in honor. This was important knowledge, for in those days the outcome of a battle hung upon the superior strength and skill of the knights. Presently we shall see how England's youthful Black Prince was to set a new example in warfare.

France and England were fighting, by land and sea, in a war that lasted for a hundred years.

Edward III., king of England, anxious to train his son to be a worthy king, had left him to manage home affairs while he himself was fighting in France. But when the lad was sixteen years of age he made him Prince of Wales, and allowed him to accompany him to France. At Crécy the two armies met. The French outnumbered the English, but Edward III. withdrew, leaving his son, called "The Black Prince," in charge. Presently word was brought that the prince was hard pressed.

“Is he killed?” asked the King.

“No, Sire.”

“Or wounded?”

“No, Sire.”

“Or unhorsed?”

“No, Sire.”

“Then go back and say I shall send no aid. My son must this day prove himself a brave knight, and the honor of the victory shall be his.”

But the Black Prince needed no such message. With the cry: “Advance, English banners, in the name of God and St. George!” he led his trusty yeomen forward, and sweeping all before them, gained the field. It had been a brave fight and it marked a turning point in the world’s history. Not alone because artillery was used for the first time at Crécy, but because there, for the first time, the ordinary soldier had shown himself the equal, man for man, of the noble knight in endurance and in valor. The victory at Crécy was really due to him, whom we of to-day call “the man behind the gun.” It taught England and the rest of Europe the true value of the commoner. Furthermore, it taught the commoner self-reliance and independence; and it gave him a sense of his own rights, and of his power to enforce them.

In the following year the Black Prince, at the head of 8,000 men, met the French army, numbering 60,000 men, at Poitiers. The odds were heavy and the prince, prudent and thoughtful of his men, offered

to surrender on honorable terms. The offer was rejected in scorn. The English accordingly fought with desperate ferocity and won the field. The French king was taken prisoner, and though treated courteously as became his station, he was carried captive to London.

Edward III. ruled for a long period, and before his death the Black Prince fell ill and passed away, mourned by all England.

He was a great warrior and throughout his career he upheld the glory and the honor of knighthood. But it was not his chivalry, nor yet his victories by land and sea, that made the name of the Black Prince immortal. Little more than a boy, he was the first to appeal to the manhood and to the honor of the English churl; and doing that, he laid the real cornerstone of the mighty empire over whose possessions the sunlight never wanes.

JOAN OF ARC

FRANCE, 1412-1431

THE story of this brave maiden is perfectly true, but it reads like a fairy tale. She was only a peasant girl, unschooled and unfamiliar with the world. Yet, simply by doing what she felt to be her duty, she saved France from becoming a dependency of England.



JOAN OF ARC.

The king of France was dead. The Dauphin, as the French called the king's eldest son, was the rightful heir to the throne. But the English claimed it for their king, and landing their armies in France, seized most of its large cities. The Dauphin was helpless, and it seemed as if nothing but a miracle could save France.

The peasants whose farms were pillaged and burnt, and whose cattle were stolen or killed by the English soldiers, suffered terribly. Presently they began to speak in whispers of an old prophecy which foretold that in her greatest need France should be saved by a woman.

In the country village of Domremy there lived a little girl named Joan (Jeanne) who took care of her father's sheep. Possibly these whispers reached her. However this may be, sitting alone in the quiet field watching the sheep, this girl heard Voices telling her to arise and save France.

When she told her father he laughed at her, and finally scolded her sharply for what he called her nonsense. For a long time Joan tried to shut her ears to these Voices. But when they implored her most piteously to "hasten, hasten!" she arose and made her way to the Dauphin, accompanied only by an uncle.

At first the prince paid no attention to her. Finally, however, probably because he felt that she could not make things worse, he accepted her offer of help.

Placing her at the head of a body of men, he sent her with food and ammunition to relieve the besieged city of Orleans. It was completely surrounded by English soldiers, to whom it was about to surrender. Joan managed to enter the city, and encouraging its defenders to make a stronger fight, forced the besiegers to withdraw within ten days after her arrival.

Inspired by their girl leader, the French soldiers won victory after victory. Joan now persuaded the Dauphin to have himself crowned.

This was a great step, for in those days people considered that the solemn act of coronation proved a man's right to the throne, and made him the actual king. Side by side with the Dauphin she entered Rheims, the ancient capital of France, and saw the crown placed upon his head.

Her work was now done. The French king was on his throne. She begged to be permitted to go back to her father and her quiet home. But the king refused to let her depart. Her Voices warned her that she was about to die.

Once more she led the French forces against the foe, bent on expelling the last English soldier from the soil of France.

Shortly afterward she was taken prisoner in battle by some French soldiers opposed to the king. To their shame, be it said, they sold her to the English for money. These condemned her to be burnt alive, and the cruel sentence was executed on the 30th of May, 1431.

MARCO POLO

VENICE, 1253-1323

MARCO POLO was born in Venice, and lost his mother while very young. His father was a great merchant, and his business carried him as far East as Tartary. He took the boy Marco with him on one of these journeys. The Grand Khan (chief ruler) of Tartary was pleased with the child, and begged the father's permission to educate him at his



MARCO POLO.

court. Marco remained with the Grand Khan for seventeen years. While there he learned to speak in many languages, and traveled throughout Asia in the interest of the Grand Khan. He visited India, Ceylon, China, and Borneo, and made plentiful notes of all that he saw.

Then he returned to Europe to visit his native Venice. This chanced to be at a time when the city was at war with a neighbor. His ship was captured, and he was sent as a prisoner of war to Genoa. There he published his travels in book form, and by doing so, unrolled to the eyes of the Western world, pictures of Eastern splendor rivaling that of Darius and of Sardanapalus.

People believed only half of what he told them, yet that half induced many young men to visit these wonderful places, to behold with their own eyes the marvels which Marco Polo described. Venice and Genoa and Portugal possessed many good ships and hardy mariners. Their rulers were eager to find new avenues of wealth, and they gladly encouraged the newly awakened spirit of adventure.

Like the Argonauts of old, men now set forth over the unknown seas, and with Marco Polo's maps to guide them, began that era of exploration that finally led Columbus to discover America.

VASCO DA GAMA

PORTUGAL, 1450-1524

MANY were the explorers, and nearly as many the paths they followed, in their attempts to reach that wonderful East which Marco Polo's great book described. The first expedition to be crowned with success was that led by Vasco da Gama, whom the Portuguese king sent out with four small vessels in 1497.

His course carried him down the western coast of Africa and around the Cape of Good Hope, which had long been considered impassable. Vasco da Gama was one of the first to double this distant point. His ships sailed northward along unfamiliar coasts and landed at Mozambique.

Da Gama was now sure that he was on the right track, for all around him he saw the jewels, the raiment, and the rich stuffs of the Orient.



VASCO DA GAMA.

When the natives discovered that the newcomers were Christians, they tried to kill them. But Da Gama and his men, escaping, sailed away and touched at every city they passed, making friendly compacts with the Africans wherever they could.

Crossing the Indian Ocean, they finally landed at Calicut.

There Da Gama established a trading-post in spite of the fierce opposition of the Arabs. These had hitherto been the only traders with the far East, and they were not willing to let Europeans share their profits. But Da Gama succeeded in arranging a commercial treaty with the king for the benefit of the Portuguese merchants.

Some time after this he made a second voyage, and planted other Portuguese trading-posts, strengthening them with forts.

Portugal was the tiniest kingdom in all Europe; but the daring of its mariners and their repeated victories over the hostile Moors and Arabs, made her name world-renowned, and filled her treasury with untold wealth.

MODERN EUROPE

GALILEO

ITALY, 1564-1642

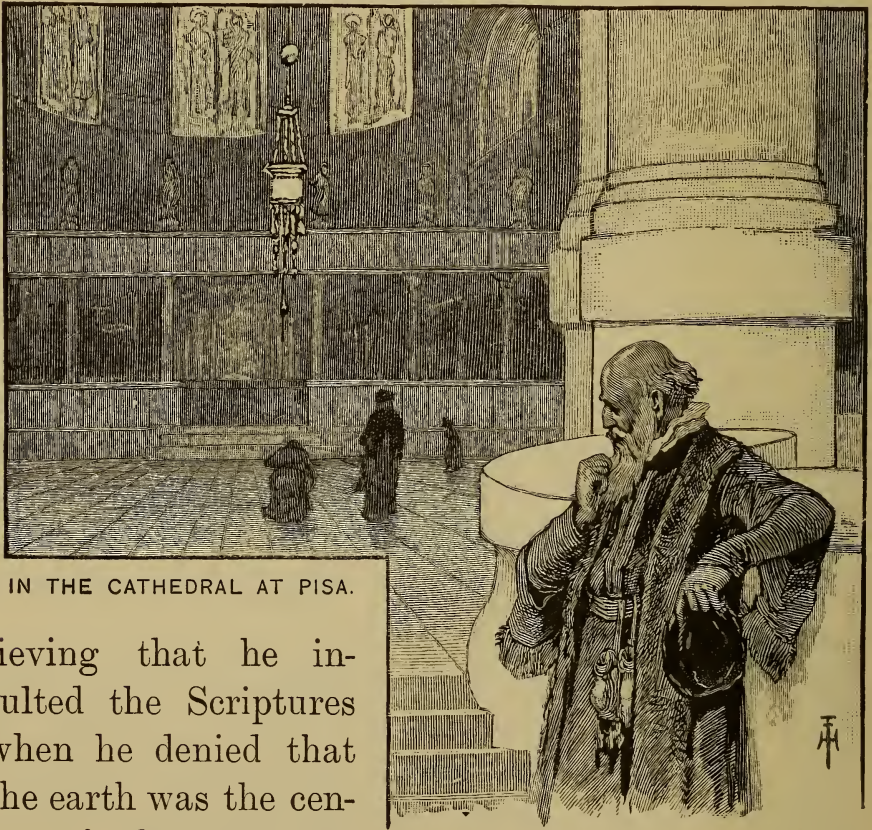
IN the city of Pisa there is a marvelous leaning tower, and also a beautiful cathedral. Both are closely connected with the story of Galileo, the man who first made practical use of the telescope and who perfected the thermometer.

As a boy, Galileo spent his play time making toy machines that would go. He had a pretty hard time of it without money to pay for either tools or materials; but he succeeded, as every one else succeeds, who patiently persists in whatever he wants to do, no matter what hinders him.

His father was poor, but because the boy had shown a brilliant mind, he sent him to college to study medicine. There Galileo accidentally overheard a lecture on mathematics. It fascinated him so that he determined to study it himself. Later, because of his poverty, he had to leave college; but he gave private lessons in his favorite study, and succeeded so well that the university offered him a professorship. He now had time to study, and working day

and night, he discovered the falsity of the accepted idea of the motion of bodies. He proved his theory to the world, using the leaning tower in many of his experiments.

But the church authorities, when they read his books, denounced him as an enemy, mistakenly be-



IN THE CATHEDRAL AT PISA.

lieving that he insulted the Scriptures when he denied that the earth was the center of the universe, and claimed that instead of the sun and stars moving around the earth, it was just the opposite way, and day and night were caused by the earth revolving on its axis.

The splendid reply he made to their charges, its

clear logic and biting sarcasm, only made matters worse. He was put in prison and, under threats of torture, forced to take back all that he had said.

But he had been bold enough and brave enough to speak the truth as he saw it, and other thinkers, for whom he blazed the way, have shown that he was right.

It is said that even after he had been forced to deny the truth of his theory he would not give up, but stamping his foot upon the earth he exclaimed, "And yet it does move!"

The telescope which Galileo made was simply the opera glass we use to-day; but with his wonderful head for figures and with his thoughtful mind, it helped him to discover the true motions of the heavenly bodies.

In the Cathedral of Pisa, there hangs a great bronze lamp which, after the sexton lights it, still swings back and forth just as it did in Galileo's time. Thousands of others had watched it, of course; but Galileo was the first to notice that, whether the arc was long or short, the swinging lamp always covered the distance in the same time. He proved this by timing it with his own pulse beats.

It seemed strange; and Galileo, always seeking the "why" of things, sought for the law that governed its motion. Having discovered it, he constructed the pendulum, by means of which clocks measure time for us with perfect accuracy.

WILLIAM THE SILENT

HOLLAND, 1533-1584

WILLIAM, Prince of Orange, was a very young man when he became stadthalter (governor) of the Netherlands (now Belgium and Holland), under Philip, king of Spain. Many of the Hollanders were Protestants. This displeased the Spanish king, who wanted all his subjects to worship as he did. He imagined that if he killed all the Protestants, and established the Inquisition in Holland, it would surely put a stop to the spread of what he felt was wicked "unbelief."

The French king knew of this plan and confided it to the Stadthalter. William was horrified, but he made no comment. He would never permit such a thing in the country he governed, but it was best to keep his own counsel for the present, and thus learn every detail of the plot. It was his self-control on this occasion that won him the title of "The Silent."

The Spanish king was prevented from murdering the people he had sworn to protect, but awful scenes of cruelty occurred every day. Protestants and Catholics were constantly quarreling, and religious persecutions made life in Holland most unhappy. Presently Spanish troops were ordered to quell the disturbances. Burning, pillaging, and murdering

wherever they went, these soldiers roused the brave Dutch to fury.

Headed by William the Silent, whom they would have made king had he consented to it, Holland now issued a declaration of independence, an act of tremendous daring when directed against mighty Spain. The anger of Philip rose to fever heat, and he ordered his generals to give no mercy to the rebels. Awful was the suffering in the besieged



WILLIAM THE SILENT.

cities, and numerous the acts of heroism displayed by the brave Hollanders, but they could not drive out the Spaniards. Finally, as a last recourse, they turned to the ocean itself for aid, though it entailed a heavy sacrifice. The wealth of the Dutchmen lay in the green fields they had reclaimed with much labor from the sea. But rather ruin these, the burghers said, than submit to the Spanish tyrant. So they opened the dikes that protected their land, and the ocean rushing in, put their oppressors to flight.

It was an almost hopeless struggle that the Dutch waged for independence, but they won at last, and the beloved "Father William," who led them, is to all Holland what our Washington is to us.

The fierce and cruel Philip now offered the richest

rewards to any one who would kill the stadthalter. Many attempts were made upon his life, and finally a dastard, whom the prince had befriended, shot him dead.

William the Silent gave every hour of his life, every piece of gold he possessed, to establish the Dutch Republic, and it flourished for more than two centuries after his death. Under his able descendants it grew to be the first naval power in the world, with rich colonies in every quarter of the globe.

“As long as he lived,” says Motley the historian, “he was the guiding-star of a whole nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.”

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

SWEDEN, 1594-1632

A BACKWARD glance at the history of Europe shows it to have been engaged in wars almost constantly. Many were its battlefields, but never since the days of the fierce Attila, was there more horrible carnage than in the Thirty Years' War that raged in Germany during the first half of the seventeenth century.

Whenever victory meant the surrender of a city, its inhabitants, even the women and children, were killed amid scenes of unspeakable cruelty. The soldiers robbed and burned as they chose, this being considered, at that time, the privilege of the victor.

The Thirty Years' War arose out of the dissensions between the Catholics and the Protestants. Those who were in power sought to force the others to their belief; and the spirit of personal freedom, that grew ever stronger as the common people realized their importance to the nation, made war the natural outcome.

To the north of Germany, where the quarreling was the fiercest, lay Sweden, whose people were stanch Protestants. Their king, Augustus Adolphus, was a member of the Protestant League and bound to aid the Protestant cause. He mustered a small army and entering Germany, offered to help the people of his faith. When news of his arrival reached the German emperor, who was at the head of the Catholic party, he laughed at "the little snow king whom he would speedily melt with his hot fire."

But "the little snow king" was a man of vast energy and great military skill. His indomitable will allowed nothing to hinder his advance. He won battle after battle, sweeping through Germany like an avalanche out of his own North, and defeating its greatest generals. He was idolized by his army, which new recruits made larger and more powerful day by day.

The gallant soldier lost his life in a furious attack on the imperial army as, sword in hand, he led his men forward. But revenge for his untimely death spurred his men to win new victories and the cruel war ended the sooner for it.

Germany, on whose soil the long and bloody war had been fought, had lost more than two thirds of her population. She was utterly exhausted and her people cried out incessantly for peace. In order to obtain it, the humiliated emperor was obliged to yield up some of his fairest provinces, and to grant almost complete independence to the German princes. He was forced to give the highest powers to the Reichstag (Parliament), and to place Protestants and Catholics upon an equal footing.

These last two concessions were a great step forward in the progress of Europe toward liberty of thought and of belief. And they stand as a lasting monument to the memory of the brave Gustavus Adolphus, whose personal heroism and great military skill did so much to gain them.

PETER THE GREAT

RUSSIA, 1672-1725

A LITTLE more than two hundred years ago a lad of seventeen found himself the ruler of a vast empire, with a court splendid as any described in the Arabian Nights. The nobles, robed in velvets and priceless furs, and sparkling with magnificent jewels, spent their days in hunting and feasting. But the young Czar grew restless amid this idleness and luxury. In his early boyhood he had been fond of mechanics.

Some of the foreign workmen then in Moscow had taught him to make locks and hinges and to build boats. They had told him fascinating stories, over the work, of life in other countries, and now that he was his own master, he determined to see it for himself.

Going to Holland he worked for some time in the dock yards as a common laborer. When he had won a certificate for proficiency, he went to England. Instead of traveling about he worked at ship-building until he mastered the trade. All the while, you may be sure, he was closely observing the life of the people.

Called home by a rebellion among the nobles, who in his absence tried to steal his throne, he quickly crushed the uprising, cruelly punishing the guilty.



PETER THE GREAT.

Travel had taught him how far behind other countries his Russia was in civilization, and how completely she was ignored by the rest of Europe. The people were wholly Asiatic in dress, in customs, and in self-satisfaction. He determined to make them European, whether they liked it or not. By his indomitable will he instituted a hundred radical reforms.

He compelled the idle nobles to serve the state in civil or in military capacity. He regulated traffic,

and, building ships on the Baltic shores which he forced Sweden to yield up to him, he established commerce. He turned his back upon the ancient capital Moscow, and built a modern one, calling it St. Petersburg. He opened libraries, art-galleries, and museums to encourage education. He organized an army and navy, and disciplined them by European methods. By waging successful wars he extended his territory northward and eastward.

Only an Eastern despot gifted with Western genius, can bring about so swift and complete a revolution. But such was Peter, and to attain his end no task was too great, no sacrifice too prodigious.

He raised his country out of obscurity; he compelled all Europe to respect her; and he laid the foundations that made Russia a formidable world power. Do you wonder they called him Peter the Great?

FREDERICK THE GREAT

GERMANY, 1712-1786

THE little Prussian crown prince, who afterward became famous as Frederick the Great, had a most unhappy childhood. His father was a fierce-tempered man who hated everything that savored of culture or refinement. His children fled from his presence in fear of his brutal blows. The little Frederick suffered most for showing this fear. His father

became furious at what he deemed his cowardice and sought to beat it out of him. So harsh was his manner of punishment, that on one occasion only the interference of a servant saved him from choking the lad to death.

The son's tastes were very different. He loved music and books. But since he might enjoy these only in secret, he naturally took deceitful means to attain his desires. The few books he found scoffed at religion and morality. Denied every pleasure, and forced to spend long hours listening to sermons he could not understand, he grew to manhood hating his father, his religion, and restraint of any kind.

But he was of the Hohenzollern blood, and when he became king he remained true to the strongest principle of his house, loyalty to Prussia and her interests. His unfortunate lack of proper training led him to seize territory in ways not always fair. But although this plunged his country into long and bloody wars, these were successful, and in the end Prussia was the gainer by them.

Frederick was equally watchful over the internal affairs of his kingdom. Every year he traveled through his dominions, upholding the cause of



FREDERICK THE GREAT.

justice; establishing schools; encouraging farmers and tradespeople, and fostering literature. He was always ready to listen to a grievance and to right the wrongs of the poor.

One of his favorite sayings was, "It is not necessary that I should live; but it is necessary that whilst I live, I be busy." And it was due as much to his attention to the details of his government and the welfare of his common people, as to his military successes, that he raised Prussia from an insignificant state, to a kingdom as powerful as England, France, or Austria.

His conquests gave him the title of "the Great." But his subjects fondly called him "Unser Fritz" (our Fred). He was gifted with great force of character. Had his father understood how to shape it properly, Germany might not have had to wait two centuries longer to become again an empire mighty as that ruled by the other Frederick whom they nicknamed "Barbarossa."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

FRANCE, 1789-93

DURING the eighteenth century the kings of France expended large sums of money for feasting and other pleasures. The nobility gladly imitated their example. In order to pay for all these fine times at court and



THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. — DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.

in the palaces, the common people were heavily taxed. Very naturally they began to hate those rich people who enjoyed themselves at the cost of the starving peasants.

The king, Louis XVI., was in some respects a good man. He loved his people, and earnestly tried to better their condition. But to right such wrongs as the French were suffering, required a man of greater energy and will power than he possessed.

He discovered that the treasury had been robbed and that there was no money to pay the expenses of the court and of the government. He begged the rich clergy and the nobles to come to his aid, and when these refused, he called an Assembly of the people to decide what to do.

This Assembly proposed to give France a new constitution. But before this could be drawn up, it confiscated the wealth of the church and it abolished the titles and the privileges of the nobility. The people grew wild with excitement over these changes and began to kill the nobles and to pillage their palaces. In Paris they even attacked the king's palace and imprisoned the whole royal family.

Germany and Austria now interfered, and the people, mad with anger, put many of the great nobles to death and, after a strange sort of trial, sent the king and queen to the guillotine. Both met their end bravely. They were personally innocent of wrongdoing, and their death was cruel murder.

But the people had been oppressed, and in their

wild desire to be free they went to brutal extremes. They did not realize that killing the king and queen would never set their wrongs right; nor did they know that the liberty, the equality, and the brotherhood of man, which their leaders promised them, can come only through fair laws, justly administered and implicitly obeyed.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

FRANCE, 1769-1821

AFTER the death of Louis XVI. and his queen, the French people declared for a Republic. Different parties sought to control it, and civil war followed. Austria, Spain, England, Prussia, and Italy now interfered. They claimed that this was merely to restore order, but it was really because each thought it a good chance to seize a slice of French territory.

A Committee of Public Safety directed affairs and controlled the armies. It had plenty to do trying to restore peace within and to repel invaders from without. Under such conditions military skill is likely to be appreciated.

Napoleon Bonaparte, a young soldier from Corsica, had opportunity to show his genius for war and was soon at the head of an army. The men had not been paid, and were barefoot and starving. Encouraging them with the prospect of rich plunder, as did the

earlier conquerors, Bonaparte led them southward and compelled the king of Italy to agree to a peace. Without waiting for authority from the Committee of Safety, he quickly proceeded to do the same with the rest of the foreign enemies, conquering them in battle if they refused to treat with him and grant his demands.

Conduct like this was an unheard-of piece of daring. But the young general was so successful and sent home so much money, exacted from the foes he had defeated, that those in authority dared not recall him. Instead, they rewarded him; first, by making him one of three consuls to control public affairs, and then Consul for life.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Peace and prosperity followed, and the grateful people, after changing their constitution, elected him Emperor of the French, with the office hereditary in his family.

Napoleon, as he must now be called, was dazzled by his own greatness. Like many another great conqueror, he dreamed of making his empire the largest in the world. He won victory after victory, fighting Austria, Prussia, and the smaller German states.

He married the daughter of the haughty Austrian

Emperor. He made France the strongest power in the world, and he longed to make his empire as great as that of Charlemagne. He invaded Russia, and in doing so, encountered his first defeat. His magnificent army was conquered, not in battle, nor by man, but by the awful hardships of a Russian winter of unusual severity.

Napoleon returned with only a handful of men, but he speedily raised another army and again attacked his enemies. He was victorious on many battlefields ; but it was an exhausting struggle, and in the famous battle at Waterloo he was finally overwhelmed by the united armies of England, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, and Russia, and forced to surrender.

Fearing that if Napoleon were set at liberty he might gather new armies and regain his power, the allies sent their imperial prisoner to St. Helena, a small island in the Atlantic Ocean. There he was closely guarded until his death, six years later, in 1821.

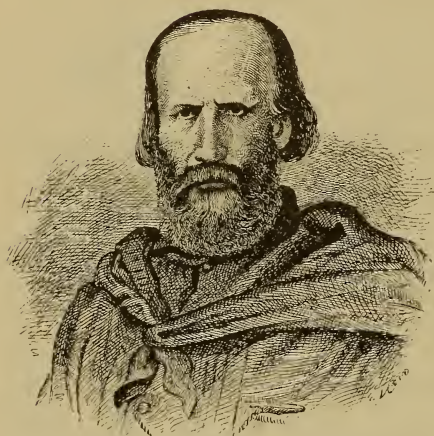
The battle of Waterloo restored the map of Europe to what it had been before Napoleon's sword had laid its kingdoms at his feet, and it ended the wars into which his unbridled ambition had plunged the civilized world.

These wars were most disastrous, but they taught the European nations many valuable lessons, not the least of which is their need for united action in the face of a common danger.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

ITALY, 1807-1882

IN the middle of the nineteenth century all Europe awoke to a longing for liberty. At that time Italy consisted of several states governed partly by France, partly by the Pope, and partly by Austria. The



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

people who lived in them felt that Italy should be for the Italians only. They wanted to be united under one government, and freed from foreign control.

Many years before, Garibaldi who, like a knight of old, was always seeking to help the oppressed, had engaged in an unsuccessful uprising in Italy, and had been banished. He went to Mexico and won much glory there fighting for Mexican freedom. He was living quietly in New York when news reached him of the Italian struggle to throw off foreign control. Instantly he departed for his old home and joined King Victor Emmanuel, who had already freed Northern Italy.

Garibaldi was a man who won people's hearts as well as battles. He went to Southern Italy and

quickly gained it over to the king. Although he personally preferred an Italian republic, he rejoiced with the rest when, in 1861, the first Italian Parliament greeted Victor Emmanuel, king of a United Italy under a constitutional government.

Only the Papal states remained under foreign control. The French army held them for the Pope. The king, bound by a treaty of peace, was negotiating for their evacuation when Garibaldi, the Impetuous, suddenly attacked the French soldiers. He was defeated and was imprisoned by the king.

All Italy murmured at this indignity to their idol; at the royal ingratitude toward the man who had won Southern Italy to his cause.

It was a hard position for the king, but he bravely stood at his post. Garibaldi had dared, unauthorized, to make war in time of peace. Undoubtedly he had been in the wrong, and deserved to be punished.

No character in modern history is more picturesque than Garibaldi. Hating oppression, his sword was ever ready to strike a blow for freedom. He had helped to build the Mexican Republic; he had helped to build a United Italy; and in 1870, when the glittering French empire was overthrown, Garibaldi hurried to France and helped to build the new republic which still exists.

When peace was restored, Garibaldi returned to Italy again, and became an honored member of the Italian Parliament.

LOUIS KOSSUTH

HUNGARY, 1802-1894

THE people of modern Hungary were prominent in the struggle for liberty that shook Europe during the last century.

Their leaders were daring enough, but since it was a prison offense to print their revolutionary speeches, they were unable to arouse the people who lived in the country far away from cities.

Kossuth, a young lawyer, found a very clever way out of the difficulty. Written newspapers were not forbidden. So with his own hand he wrote stirring appeals to the people, and sent them broadcast over the land in manuscript newspapers.

He pleaded for liberty of thought and speech; for equal rights for all; for schools for the poor; and for a Hungarian nationality. He clothed his arguments in clear, forceful language. Sparkling with wit and sarcasm, they gave his written newspaper a tremendous influence.

Austria tried to bribe him to be silent by offering him a high office. But though he was very poor and the only support of his parents, he refused indignantly. He was arrested and put in an underground prison cell. It quieted him only for a time, for as soon as released he went on with the revolutionary work.

His popularity won him a seat in the Diet (Parliament), and gave him greater opportunity to help the cause. By means of his wonderful oratory, he was able to secure for the people a constitution that assured them full liberty. He had won a glorious revolution that would have been bloodless, had not the Austrian regiments, stationed in Hungary, interfèred.

The Hungarian patriots quickly raised an army of defense, and driving the Austrian soldiers from the land, showed a watching world that they were ready to defend their constitution and their liberty at any cost.

But Kossuth was not satisfied. He longed to see Hungary sever the bond that united her to Austria, and declare herself an independent state. Austria would not permit this step, and calling Russia to her aid, the combined armies overpowered the Hungarians and forced them to capitulate. Kossuth had to flee for his life. He went to England and then to America and in these countries continued to labor for his fatherland. For many years he lived in exile, but his influence continued to be felt in his native land.

Later Hungary regained her constitutional rights and became an honored partner in the dual empire of Austria-Hungary. Her liberty is now firmly established, and the memory of the great patriot, Louis Kossuth, will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen.

OTTO VON BISMARCK

GERMANY, 1815-1898

WHEN Bismarck was called to be Chancellor (head of affairs) in Prussia, he determined to make her a strong military power. "Blood and iron," he was wont to say, were needed to end the troubles he foresaw were close at hand with Austria. When the inevitable war came, Bismarck had Prussia ready, and after only seven weeks of fighting, Austria was hopelessly defeated.

The terms of peace gave Prussia much new territory, and forced Austria to withdraw forever from any interference in German affairs.

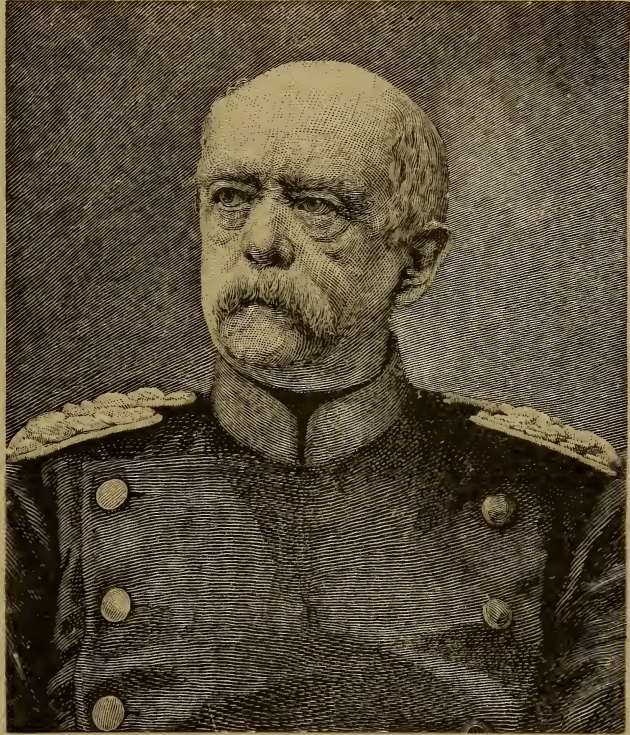
Bismarck's next step was to unite the separate German states into a strong confederation with the King of Prussia as its hereditary President. A Reichstag (Parliament) controlled its affairs. As a measure of defense, military service was made compulsory throughout the whole confederation.

Presently there occurred a revolution in Spain, and the people were looking for a new king. They offered the vacant throne to a member of the Prussian royal house. This roused the anger of France, which, since Napoleon's downfall, had been in turn a kingdom and a republic, and was now an empire ruled by another Napoleon. The French emperor, jealous of any increase of Prussian power, demanded

of William, king of Prussia, — and not very respectfully, — that he forbid his relative to accept the Spanish crown. William refused. Napoleon replied with a declaration of war.

And now the far-seeing policy of Bismarck that had formed the Confederation, that had given it a powerful head,

and that had developed for it a perfect military system, stood Germany in good stead. As one nation the separate states responded to Napoleon's challenge, and so promptly, that while the French soldiers were en-



BISMARCK.

thusiastically preparing to march upon Berlin, the Germans had already invaded their territory.

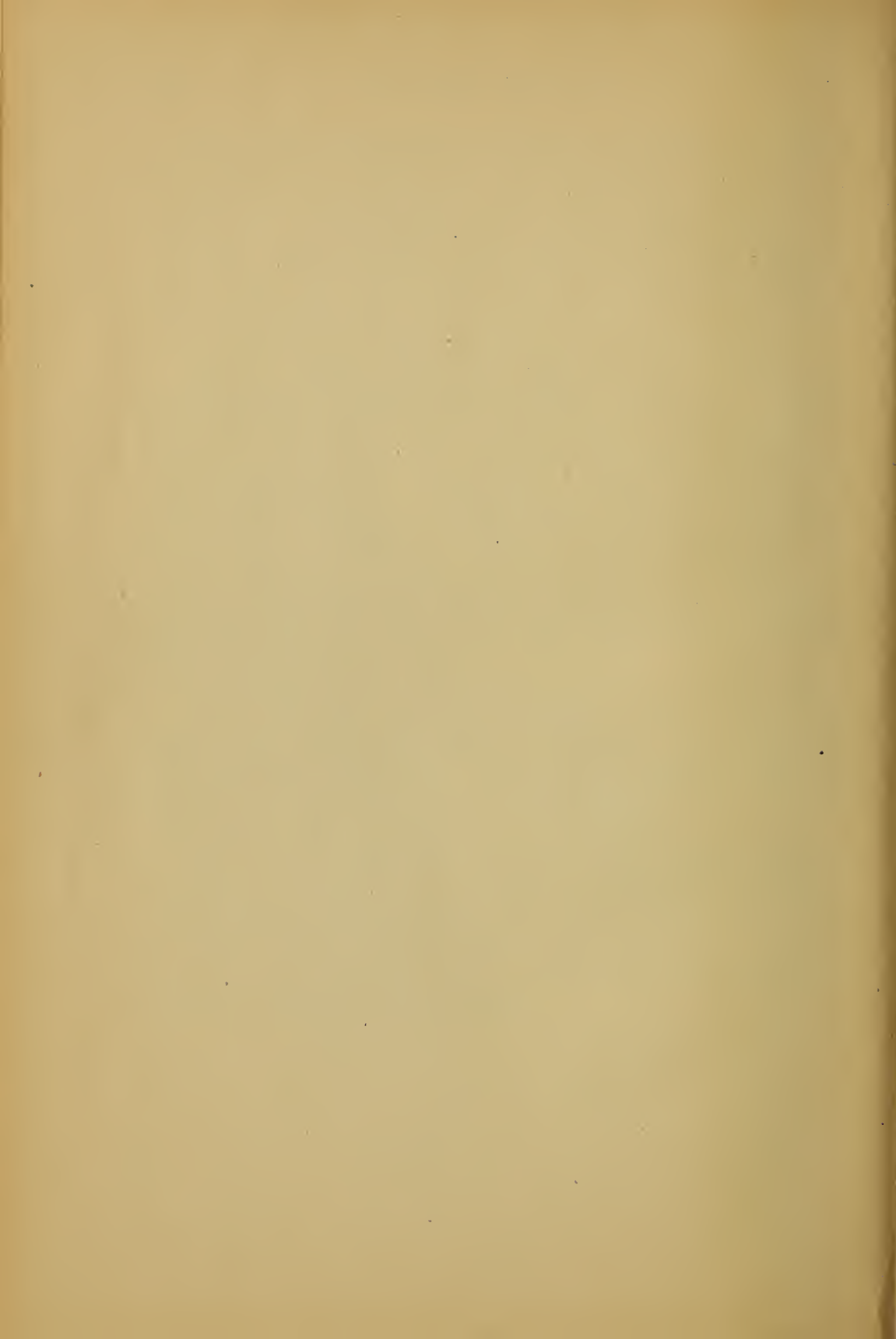
Instead of marching to conquest, France saw herself forced to fight upon her own soil. Her soldiers showed conspicuous courage, but they were overmastered by the perfect discipline and the skilled leadership of the German army.

The first engagement occurred on August 3, 1870. On the 1st of September the imperial armies were completely surrounded, and Napoleon III., absolutely helpless, surrendered to the conqueror. The Empire fell to the ground; and on the 4th of September, 1870, a Republic was again proclaimed in Paris.

The Germans, after the capitulation of the emperor, rapidly defeated the armies that now opposed them in the name of the Republic, and completely surrounded Paris. Bravely the city held out, but starvation forced it to surrender. The war was now at an end, and France had to yield to Prussia the beautiful Rhine provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and pay her an enormous sum of money to defray the expenses of the war.

With the full consent of every state in the Confederation, William, King of Prussia, was crowned Emperor of Germany, in the magnificent Hall of Mirrors, in the French city of Versailles.

For six centuries the once powerful German Empire had been as dead. It remained for Bismarck's genius, his patriotism, his untiring energy, and his iron will, to revive its dimmed glory and make it the foremost military power in the world.



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